

March 28, 1978 \$1.25

Dan Dorfman Talks to the Wizard of Wall Street

Hamilton Jordan: A Slob in the White House, by Aaron Latham

ESQUIRE

F O R T N I G H T L Y

When a Woman Is Boss

How Men Deal with Them





THE HOLLAND HOUSE PROHIBITION LAW: A DULL DRINK IS A CRIME.

Is the most stirring thing about your drink the swizzle stick? Does your cup runneth over with the run-of-the-mill highball or scotch on the rocks?

Well, Holland House thinks drinks are one of America's greatest forms of home entertainment. And like any good entertainment, should be scintillating, exciting and downright fun.

You'll jump at the minty, frothy taste of our Grasshopper. Or wait until you experience the tropical bombshell we've concocted called a Mai Tai. And the commonplace drink pales in comparison to the taste and looks of our Strawberry Margarita.

What's more, Holland House offers a choice of 40 exciting mixes, liquid and dry. You simply add as much or as little of your favorite liquor as you want just seconds before sipping. This makes every Holland House drink a cinch to make, mistake free and as fresh as can be.

So be a really good host. Make a pitcher full of one of our deliciously different drinks for a change.

In other words, invite some exciting drinks to your next party.

HOLLAND HOUSE COCKTAIL MIXES.



WORLD'S ONLY...
LARGEST SMOKEHOUSE ALMONDS



SMOKEHOUSE[®] ALMONDS

"ONE NIBBLE IS NEVER ENOUGH"



You've settled down to do some reading, and reach for that bowl of Smokehouse Almonds. You reach for one handful, then another. That Smokehouse[®] flavor is so tantalizing, soon your hand

is reaching and reaching, as if it had a mind of its own. Before you know it the bowl is empty. Smokehouse[®] Almonds... no wonder they say "One Nibble Is Never Enough."

SMOKEHOUSE[®] ALMONDS,
one of seven different snack almonds from



**the Almond
People**

California Almond Growers Exchange
811, Box 216, Sacramento, CA 95833

WHEN IT RAINS IT SHINES.



CAR OF THE YEAR

RELAX.

PLYMOUTH HORIZON CAN HANDLE IT.

The new Plymouth Horizon is more than a new car. It's a new kind of car. You can drive Horizon in casual and confidence every kind of weather because it's the first American car of its size with front-wheel drive, rack and pinion steering and front disc brakes.

Horizon's front wheel drive helps pull you through rain, snow and wind with amazing stability and confidence.

Inside, you feel comfortable and relaxed. With soft front bucket seats. And room for four big people, and lots of luggage.

Horizon's mileage figures are very comfortable too—38 mpg highway, 25 city. Of course, there are EPA estimates with normal use restriction and your mileage may vary according to your driving habits, the condition of your car and its optional equipment. California mileage is lower.

Horizon is also a strong example of value. It's been proved to just \$3700*. Which includes AM radio, whitewall radial tires, inside hood release, along with rack and pinion steering, front disc brakes, front-wheel drive, and much more. For comfort and confidence, buy or lease the car that shines in any kind of weather.

The new Plymouth Horizon. Now at your Chrysler Plymouth dealer.

*MSRP. Excludes tax, title, license, and destination charge.



ESQUIRE FORT NIGHTLY

3 Backstage with Esquire

interviewing three new contributors: Marilyn Bender, Wolf Lee, Leonard Morley

4 The Sound and the Fury

Letters from readers

9 Fall Proceedings

by Don Dorfman
Robert Wilson, the winner of Wolf Street, takes a vacation. Red news

10 The Law

by Sylvia Roth
Fred McIsaac, Philadelphia, 1977-78, is the winner of the David Madison story

16 Outdoors

by Geoffrey Norman
Why the man in the Letter was the world's greatest

21 Books

by Alfred Kahn
Should we still consider the first coast? Properly, by Allen Weinstein, makes us care

24 The Body

by Paul Schatz
The history of slams on diving without knowledge of blood gas exchange

27 Getting Away

by Stephen Robinson
In South America, it isn't the dollar that counts

29 Sports

by Ray Mowat Jr.
A tribute to football's white star, a connection to the earth, a message, a story

29 Recordings

by Albert Goldman
Professor Lechner is the man who gave Elvis his line. Bruce Springsteen

30 Scores from Best Life

by Sam Mark
A regular cartoon feature

35 When the Boss Is a Woman

by Marilyn Bender
Now that most women are becoming executives it means, is a lot of men are leaving middle management

The problem seems to be that many men can't conceive of a woman as a leader. They keep saying her success is their failure. But who or their body



42 Tom Snyder:

TV's Child Faces the Future

by Mary Murphy

What will happen to the fresh and unpredictable host of the Tomorrow show when NBC's chief Fred Silverman comes on board this fall?

Tom Snyder was never day about having opinions, and as the master he has a few

48 Letters from a Spy

by Leonard Morley
Ken Phillips, in your mail, was an affable and charming British intelligence agent who everyone in

London and Washington thought was an ace. But he was a Soviet agent, and he slipped to Moscow, where he now lives. For the first time, in a series of letters, he tells those in the C.I.A.

66 Scores from Best Life
by Sam Mark
A regular cartoon feature

57 Cuban Cigars for American Tastes

by Ron Gault and Christina Milles
The smokers, expert President to president, know a good thing. You can't smoke a good thing

of David's in Geneva and elsewhere the collection of a masterpiece. They choose their favorite Horvath for all occasions

70 Family Business
by Ward Just
An escape from the forthcoming novel A Family Thing, the story illustrates a familiar theme, a family business based on quality, and the quality of the product is the success of the business. How can a family business be a success?

70 The Way We Live Now
by Edward Sorel
A regular cartoon feature

64 Will We Survive Electronic Banking?

by Andrew Sobott
For years you've been hearing about push button banking and the new computerized banking

fact, New York's Citicorp began to put all its electronic and the result is not what you'd call trouble-free. Still, electronic banking is worth a look

66 Sleep on the Sofa, Sit on the Bed

by Suzanne Stein
Conveniently both beds were never highly regarded by designers or writers of style. But they won't go away, because they solve the universal problem of extra sleeping space. Here are eight new ones worth buying

66 Sleep on the Sofa, Sit on the Bed

by Suzanne Stein
Conveniently both beds were never highly regarded by designers or writers of style. But they won't go away, because they solve the universal problem of extra sleeping space. Here are eight new ones worth buying

66 Sleep on the Sofa, Sit on the Bed

by Suzanne Stein
Conveniently both beds were never highly regarded by designers or writers of style. But they won't go away, because they solve the universal problem of extra sleeping space. Here are eight new ones worth buying

66 Sleep on the Sofa, Sit on the Bed

by Suzanne Stein
Conveniently both beds were never highly regarded by designers or writers of style. But they won't go away, because they solve the universal problem of extra sleeping space. Here are eight new ones worth buying

66 Sleep on the Sofa, Sit on the Bed

by Suzanne Stein
Conveniently both beds were never highly regarded by designers or writers of style. But they won't go away, because they solve the universal problem of extra sleeping space. Here are eight new ones worth buying

66 Sleep on the Sofa, Sit on the Bed

by Suzanne Stein
Conveniently both beds were never highly regarded by designers or writers of style. But they won't go away, because they solve the universal problem of extra sleeping space. Here are eight new ones worth buying

66 Sleep on the Sofa, Sit on the Bed

by Suzanne Stein
Conveniently both beds were never highly regarded by designers or writers of style. But they won't go away, because they solve the universal problem of extra sleeping space. Here are eight new ones worth buying

66 Sleep on the Sofa, Sit on the Bed

by Suzanne Stein
Conveniently both beds were never highly regarded by designers or writers of style. But they won't go away, because they solve the universal problem of extra sleeping space. Here are eight new ones worth buying

66 Sleep on the Sofa, Sit on the Bed

by Suzanne Stein
Conveniently both beds were never highly regarded by designers or writers of style. But they won't go away, because they solve the universal problem of extra sleeping space. Here are eight new ones worth buying

66 Sleep on the Sofa, Sit on the Bed

by Suzanne Stein
Conveniently both beds were never highly regarded by designers or writers of style. But they won't go away, because they solve the universal problem of extra sleeping space. Here are eight new ones worth buying

66 Sleep on the Sofa, Sit on the Bed

by Suzanne Stein
Conveniently both beds were never highly regarded by designers or writers of style. But they won't go away, because they solve the universal problem of extra sleeping space. Here are eight new ones worth buying

66 Sleep on the Sofa, Sit on the Bed

by Suzanne Stein
Conveniently both beds were never highly regarded by designers or writers of style. But they won't go away, because they solve the universal problem of extra sleeping space. Here are eight new ones worth buying

66 Sleep on the Sofa, Sit on the Bed

by Suzanne Stein
Conveniently both beds were never highly regarded by designers or writers of style. But they won't go away, because they solve the universal problem of extra sleeping space. Here are eight new ones worth buying



76 Hamilton Jordan:

A Slob in the White House

by Aaron Latham
Jimmy Carter's right hand man, slob in the White House, Hamilton Jordan. His slobbery is profound, his disorganization is monumental

76 Hamilton Jordan:

A Slob in the White House

by Aaron Latham
Jimmy Carter's right hand man, slob in the White House, Hamilton Jordan. His slobbery is profound, his disorganization is monumental

76 Hamilton Jordan:

A Slob in the White House

by Aaron Latham
Jimmy Carter's right hand man, slob in the White House, Hamilton Jordan. His slobbery is profound, his disorganization is monumental

76 Hamilton Jordan:

A Slob in the White House

by Aaron Latham
Jimmy Carter's right hand man, slob in the White House, Hamilton Jordan. His slobbery is profound, his disorganization is monumental

76 Hamilton Jordan:

A Slob in the White House

by Aaron Latham
Jimmy Carter's right hand man, slob in the White House, Hamilton Jordan. His slobbery is profound, his disorganization is monumental

76 Hamilton Jordan:

A Slob in the White House

by Aaron Latham
Jimmy Carter's right hand man, slob in the White House, Hamilton Jordan. His slobbery is profound, his disorganization is monumental

76 Hamilton Jordan:

A Slob in the White House

The Sound and the Fury

The new Equine

I have been reading *Equine* for twenty years and I have enjoyed your excellent magazine. After reading the March issue of the "new" *Equine*, I know that the next twenty years will be just as rewarding. Good luck to you!

B.F. Aldazzo
Franklin, N.Y.

Congratulations to the publishers for the creation of a new *Equine*. I have just finished reading the first fortnightly issue, and as they say here, the home of the famous Kentucky Derby, you're riding a winner for sure.

Isabel Goodwin
Lawrence, Ks.

When I first saw my March issue of your magazine with its gleaming new logo and format, my reaction was not unlike the reaction I had the morning my wife decided to have her hair done differently. I was not pleased. We were only engaged then, and I told her if she expected me to marry her, then she had better go back to the female style I had become accustomed to. Since I doubt a similar tactic would be as effective in the case of your changes, I will try to accept them.

Richard Cuddeyer
Los Angeles, Calif.

Only one principle applies to the new *Equine*: the law of diminishing returns. C. Vance Hooper
Atlanta, Ga.

The old *Equine* had enough to keep me reading for a leisurely two or three weeks. The remainder of the month could be spent in anticipation of the next issue. This new *Equine*, while doubling its rate of publication, can be absorbed in a day or two, tops. But weren't Joe John Senes, I'd ask for my money back.

Martha Hark
Chicago, Ill.

First angry reader

I couldn't finish *The Last Angry Man* by Richard Reeves (March 1) thinking the article was entitled. It should have been *The First Angry Man*.

Without more of them soon, the rest of us (those ladies with the cysts) have been on a smaller scale) should stop around for another country.

Robert W. Sherman
Los Angeles, Calif.

Among those at *The Washington Post* who joined John Harbuck in giving up soccer careers rather than cross a pocket law were Marge London, Patricia Wren and Nancy Gonzalez.

The point: these caregivers and job-captives (and angry men) are often women. It was an excellent article nevertheless. Michael T. Drouot
Baltimore, Md.

Richard Reeves's two efforts in your March issue give us both "The thrill of victory and the agony of defeat" for the tiny sum of \$1.75.

The thrill is your lead story, *The Last Angry Man*, a just tribute to those who live what they believe, the "simple men" as Reeves rightly tags them. The story and the accompanying visuals deserve plaudits.

The agony comes at the rear end of your magazine in a Media column the name Mr. Reeves did entitled *White House Greenhouse*. The story is nothing more than a rebuke of the daily news coverage and provides no additional insight. If that is a thick secret, and the end story is a "da" piece, I suggest Mr. Reeves' do more stories.

Dave Charlton
Washington, D.C.

Your piece

I greatly enjoyed Harry Stein's *Spending the Night at Her Place* (March 1) and felt compelled to write and say so. My pleasure came not so much from what he said—although it came partially so—but from the way in which he said it. I look forward to reading more of Stein's stuff. Richard Island
San Francisco, Calif.

Where has Harry Stein been for the last ten years? I thought that *Equine* articles were to be aimed at the new man, not my old man.

Berry N. Spedak
Washington, D.C.

Since Harry Stein has taken the trouble to write so freely, I hope that all of his women friends will get the message and quit leaving him to share their beds.

Barbara Wyle
Middlesex, Conn.

As one of your woman readers, I very much enjoyed *Spending the Night at Her Place*. I downright laughed at Harry

Stein's point of view, which my gentleman friend happens to share. In fact, on the night I read the article Mr. Stein inspired me to send my friend home with a good-lie picture of, Sorry, kiddie, I just have to be alone.

Bobbie David
Amherst, Calif.

Word trap

I thought the first fortnightly *Equine* was excellent. But the more daring article was *Kind Words for Zooping Houdooers*, March 1, in which Geoffrey Norman delivered a calm exposition on trapping and trappers.

S. L. Sanger
Seattle, Wash.

For a magazine that purports to be first, it seemed ironic to perform the evil deed of trapping for the new American gentlemen, Geoffrey Norman's article on trapping is an embarrassing, inhumanistic outrage. Pity the persevering, noble trapper who is forced to blast across his and mine in his vulnerability on his better days, dealing his good hands with the malodorous tools of his trade.

If this is one of the positive innovations in the quality of life of the pioneering man, the new American gentlemen, then I say no thank you. I prefer to remain with the uncivilized masses. You have set your own trap and I wish your capture a quick and painless demise.

Aaron F. St. John
Hollywood, Calif.

Pen for John Stein

Regarding Language: March 1. Though extremely calm by nature, I'm upset by sloppy nomenclature. Take your pen in writing, horrible man. Perhaps, my friends, spelled his name with an "i".

Phil Fortuna
Highland Park, Ill.

EDITOR'S NOTE: The photograph of *Athena* is a Peachtree Plaza suit (incorrectly identified in *Don International* in her of *White House Greenhouse*) is a copy of *The Best Horse and Horsesmen in the United States* (*Getting Away*, March 1).

Letters to the editor should be mailed to: *The Sound and the Fury*, Equine 488 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022.



Marlboro 100's
or Longhorn 100's...
you get a fix like...

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

WIN A \$25,000 TRIP AROUND THE WORLD ON CUTTY SARK.

The precise words you need to win our Ports of Call Sweepstakes are right on the Cutty Sark label. To enter, merely pick up a bottle of Cutty Sark Scots Whisky at your spirits shop, and give it a glance. Then complete the form below and drop it in the mail.



First Port: Sydney Hong Kong London New York

Should you win, you can circle the globe with your favourite companion (we'll toss in spending money), or collect the \$25,000. Should you not, you haven't necessarily missed the boat. A second winner will take a \$5,000 trip to London for two, or may take the money. And 1,000 runners-up will receive a set of Cutty Sark on-the-rocks glasses.

By the way, you needn't purchase the spirits. It's a good idea, however. For, regardless of how you fare in the Sweepstakes, it guarantees your carrying away a prize.



NAME, PHONE, COMPLETE SWEEPSTAKES FORM, CUTTY SARK WHISKY, AND A CHECK OR MONEY ORDER FOR \$25,000 OR \$5,000 OR \$250.00. MAIL TO: CUTTY SARK SWEEPSTAKES, 1000 AVENUE OF THE STARS, SUITE 1000, FORT MYERS, FLORIDA 33907.

To enter, look at any bottle of Cutty Sark Whisky and answer the following questions. Winners will be selected by a random drawing of correctly completed entries.

1. Cutty Sark Blended Scots Whisky is distilled and bottled only in _____.
2. Cutty Sark Blended Scots Whisky is blended and bottled by James Watson & Co., Ltd., established in the _____ century.
3. Cutty Sark's unique blend contains _____.
4. Scotch Whisky is from _____.
5. Scotch Whisky is from _____.
6. Scotch Whisky is from _____.
7. Scotch Whisky is from _____.
8. Scotch Whisky is from _____.
9. Scotch Whisky is from _____.
10. Scotch Whisky is from _____.

NAME, PHONE, COMPLETE SWEEPSTAKES FORM, CUTTY SARK WHISKY, AND A CHECK OR MONEY ORDER FOR \$25,000 OR \$5,000 OR \$250.00. MAIL TO: CUTTY SARK SWEEPSTAKES, 1000 AVENUE OF THE STARS, SUITE 1000, FORT MYERS, FLORIDA 33907.

FULL DISCLOSURE

BY DAN DORFMAN



Robert Wilson. The Wizard of Wall Street. on his contemplation of a market withdrawal from the doldrums of 1979 as a market

The Wizard of Wall Street

He's taking six months off. Should the rest of us do the same thing?

A fifty-one, Robert Wilson, bearded, intellectual, devotee of the arts and world traveler, is at the peak of his career. He's the stock market's Batman. Super man and a billion-dollar man all rolled up into one. But the man who has dazzled Wall Street with his extraordinary market skills—his stocks have shot up roughly thirtyfold, or grown at a compounded annual rate of nearly thirty-five percent between 1965 and 1977—has reached the verge, he tells me, where his history needs recharging. Such popular history recharges us a more active and diversified life, to life, to life, and to life, to the local health club leave him cold. Wilson, largely unknown to the investing public because most of his dealings are for his own account (he also manages a small hedge fund), is planning to leave the extremely erratic and unfilled investment scene for a lengthy sabbatical. Beginning May 1, he will embark on a six-month pleasure trip throughout Europe and the Far East, and during that time he will not make any new investments. His only traveling companions will be the silent types—Kassir, Shetler, Woodward, James Joyce and the complete works of Shakespeare.

If he is right, Wilson's vacation could have disastrous—and significant—consequences for investors. The message, maybe they ought to take a vacation, too, when the latest man to be described as "The Wizard of Wall Street" is simply out of the world, the silent stock market—which recently slumped a third per cent and is suffering badly from a sliding dollar and Jimmy Carter's inept performance as President—will continue in its doldrums for quite a while.

Wilson, who is always highly opinionated, emphasizes it is not the market that's behind his decision. "I'm not going away in a fit of pique or depression but to reinvigorate myself," Wilson told me and made the other work rather compelling about his sabbatical. Added the always confident, self-assured Wilson: "I've always considered myself a moneymaking machine in any kind of market. But if you want to keep a machine well-maintained, you simply don't operate it at full capacity, you take time out for repairs. And the older a machine gets—the like me—the more time it requires for repairs." Then breaking out in an offhanded grin as he frequently does, Wilson quipped: "I'm nearly following Chopin's dream. If one wants to live a long life, one should live it slowly. And I've never taken six months off, except for nine months in the woods."

Wilson's decision to leave Wall Street at the height of his success, though an event to be noted, is not a market withdrawal. It is by no means a historical precedent. Warren Buffett, a super money manager in the Sixties, permanently gave up Wall Street in 1969 because, as he explained, he no longer understood the stock market.

Wilson tells me that part of his decision reflects his frustrating year in 1977—although every investor has quite a year. "I could rekindle my fire," Wilson said last year, "but a decline in interest rates paid in the Dow Jones Industrial Average. Nevertheless, he feels he should have done a lot better. I just missed too many good opportunities."

Wilson was up a hefty twenty-five percent last year, which is a decline in interest rates paid in the Dow Jones Industrial Average. Nevertheless, he feels he should have done a lot better. I just missed too many good opportunities."

Wilson was up a hefty twenty-five percent last year, which is a decline in interest rates paid in the Dow Jones Industrial Average. Nevertheless, he feels he should have done a lot better. I just missed too many good opportunities."

Wilson's decision to leave Wall Street at the height of his success, though an event to be noted, is not a market withdrawal. It is by no means a historical precedent. Warren Buffett, a super money manager in the Sixties, permanently gave up Wall Street in 1969 because, as he explained, he no longer understood the stock market.

Wilson tells me that part of his decision reflects his frustrating year in 1977—although every investor has quite a year. "I could rekindle my fire," Wilson said last year, "but a decline in interest rates paid in the Dow Jones Industrial Average. Nevertheless, he feels he should have done a lot better. I just missed too many good opportunities."

Wilson's decision to leave Wall Street at the height of his success, though an event to be noted, is not a market withdrawal. It is by no means a historical precedent. Warren Buffett, a super money manager in the Sixties, permanently gave up Wall Street in 1969 because, as he explained, he no longer understood the stock market.

Wilson tells me that part of his decision reflects his frustrating year in 1977—although every investor has quite a year. "I could rekindle my fire," Wilson said last year, "but a decline in interest rates paid in the Dow Jones Industrial Average. Nevertheless, he feels he should have done a lot better. I just missed too many good opportunities."

Wilson was up a hefty twenty-five percent last year, which is a decline in interest rates paid in the Dow Jones Industrial Average. Nevertheless, he feels he should have done a lot better. I just missed too many good opportunities."

Wilson was up a hefty twenty-five percent last year, which is a decline in interest rates paid in the Dow Jones Industrial Average. Nevertheless, he feels he should have done a lot better. I just missed too many good opportunities."

Wilson's decision to leave Wall Street at the height of his success, though an event to be noted, is not a market withdrawal. It is by no means a historical precedent. Warren Buffett, a super money manager in the Sixties, permanently gave up Wall Street in 1969 because, as he explained, he no longer understood the stock market.

Wilson tells me that part of his decision reflects his frustrating year in 1977—although every investor has quite a year. "I could rekindle my fire," Wilson said last year, "but a decline in interest rates paid in the Dow Jones Industrial Average. Nevertheless, he feels he should have done a lot better. I just missed too many good opportunities."

Wilson's decision to leave Wall Street at the height of his success, though an event to be noted, is not a market withdrawal. It is by no means a historical precedent. Warren Buffett, a super money manager in the Sixties, permanently gave up Wall Street in 1969 because, as he explained, he no longer understood the stock market.

Wilson tells me that part of his decision reflects his frustrating year in 1977—although every investor has quite a year. "I could rekindle my fire," Wilson said last year, "but a decline in interest rates paid in the Dow Jones Industrial Average. Nevertheless, he feels he should have done a lot better. I just missed too many good opportunities."

Wilson was up a hefty twenty-five percent last year, which is a decline in interest rates paid in the Dow Jones Industrial Average. Nevertheless, he feels he should have done a lot better. I just missed too many good opportunities."

Wilson was up a hefty twenty-five percent last year, which is a decline in interest rates paid in the Dow Jones Industrial Average. Nevertheless, he feels he should have done a lot better. I just missed too many good opportunities."



World's Smartest Trout

Charles Fox outwitted the state to give his trout extra sporting odds

Charles Fox has spent thirty years of his life trying to save one small part of the world's stock of all life. And he has succeeded. His world is trout fishing and he has saved the Lehigh, though he would deny it.

The Lehigh is not even a river. It is called Lehigh Spring Run and it flows through Carlsburg, Pennsylvania, in the southern third of that state. It is probably not accurate to say that the Lehigh "flows" anywhere. "Seeps" is more descriptive of what the stream does. But it is fertile. The limestone bed makes for highly alkaline water, which supports abundant insect life, which in turn supports a good population of trout. The cycle works that way as long as every thing is left alone.

But that wasn't the case when Fox first bought property on the Lehigh in 1947. In those days nature was generally held in low regard. Fish and game departments, selected by their own brand of hubris, believed that trout simply couldn't make it alone and that the only way to ensure continued trout fishing was to raise fish scientifically in hatcheries before putting them in the rivers and streams. "Put and take," it was called, and some fishermen took to following the hatchery trucks that roared. They would take out the fish, then quickly ascertain their rods and catch as many of the less-identified hatchery trout as the law would allow. For a man like Fox, who had written books on trout fishing and who loved the dry fly stream immensely, it was too much to bear.

I wanted to see if we could get back to natural reproduction in the Lehigh, but the fish bureaucrats just laughed at me. They thought it was impossible and they weren't even willing to try. So I decided to do it by myself. There weren't very many property owners along the river

then. I went out to it all of them and proposed that we work as a group. We couldn't get any laws passed by the state, so we had to do the what was on the books. We decided to use the trespass laws. We put signs up saying that it was all right to fish on the property as long as you obeyed current regulations. If you didn't, then you would be trespassing. Then we listed the regulations: barbless hooks, no trout under ten inches, limit of five trout a day. Every year we made it a little tougher. The fish had to be bigger and you couldn't keep as many. Pretty soon we were up to ten-inch-trout trout and you could only keep two.

But we were also getting some notices. We didn't have anybody in uniform patrolling the stream. State wardens only enforced the legal limits. So if you saw somebody taking more fish than we said you could, you had to get his name to report him. And he wasn't about to give you his name. You would have to send him down to the ground and take his word away from him. What we really wanted was some help from the state.

But the state was not about to help Fox and his little group of property owners. When he began his project, he wanted that the state would not agree to stop stocking trout in the Lehigh. "It was wrong on that one. When we first started paying our own catchmen, one of the men from Fox and Giese came to me and told me that if we went through with it, by God, he wasn't going to put another trout in the stream. He told me that we'd have to come crawling to him before he'd stock again. He actually told me, 'You're going to come crawling to me. Can you imagine that?'"

Reclaiming the stream was not easy. There was more to it than making the stream tougher and keeping the hatchery trucks out. To sustain natural reproduction, Fox says, "a stream needs four

things: food, cover, brood stock and gravel. We had the first three but we didn't have any gravel."

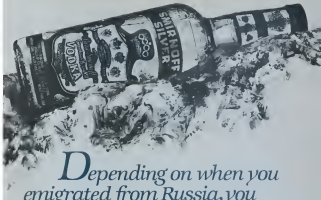
So Fox began panning gravel into the stream. Trout spawn in the gravel, first making a bed by fanning the bottom with their fins. Once the eggs have been deposited and fertilized, the male fangravel over them for protection. The Lehigh's gravel had been silted over and washed downstream by the time Fox arrived on the scene.

Over the years, Fox has put more than one hundred tons of gravel into the Lehigh. With it, he has built a spawning area just below his house, and during November and December, when the big brown trout settle on these beds to spawn, people come out from town to stand along the banks and watch.

The fish are there every morning, and Fox is down there with them, either to watch at or fish. You can find the stream easily enough if you are in the area, and when you find it, it's expected to be fertilized. The Lehigh trout are not easily fooled. They have seen it all. I caught a fish of a pound or so one day, and the next afternoon when I went back to the same spot, I asked a young boy if he was having any luck. "No. But there was a fellow caught one here yesterday," he said. One fish from the Lehigh and I was already a local legend.

The fish are tough and demanding, so after you have put themselves up everything you try, and you have lost a fly or two on bad casts, put the rod away and walk the river. Admire the fish and the wildlife and the man made spawning beds near the spawning stream. Eventually Charles Fox will come by on some errand or another—he tends the stream every day.

You won't have any trouble with conservation. And you might even learn something. I always do. ☐



Depending on when you emigrated from Russia, you might remember Peter Smirnoff's vodka. Icy, straight, sterling. Even though the package has changed, our #27 is a version of that original Smirnoff. Store it in your freezer. Drink it tonight. NaZdorov'e.

Smirnoff Silver
90.4 proof

New from **TIME LIFE RECORDS**

America's best-loved man of music
presents the music he loves best in...

ARTHUR FIEDLER'S FAVORITES

All the color and excitement, the delightful musical variety of Fiedler's legendary Boston Pops concerts—captured in the most complete library of his music ever assembled.

Having captivated audiences all over the world with their favorite music, the "Pops" will now enchant you with his personal favorites. All the selections he loves most are here, including some he's never recorded before. This stunning series was produced expressly for Time-Life Records in Boston's famous Symphony Hall, some of many Fiedler triumphs.

Album by album, you'll travel through virtually every category of music, all vitalized by the inimitable Fiedler touch—including music of

BROADWAY—superb shoe-stoppers from *Black. My Fair Lady*

The Sound of Music. *Plan of La Mancha, Hello Dolly.*
OPERA—overtures, marches, dances and vocal
works from *La Bohème, Aida, Die Fledermaus,*
Madame Butterfly, Carmen, and Wagner's immortal
Lohengrin

TIN PAN ALLEY—popular have transformed into breathtaking symphonic experiences. *Windy, Mean Streets, Steeplechase, Bridge Over Troubled Water*, *Yesterday*, and more—including an infectious treatment of *The Toy* (trumpet with Al Hirt as soloist).

GALLET—glorious music from such works as *Swan Lake*, *The Nutcracker Suite*, *Boredom*, *Polemischen Games* (which inspired the musical *Kismet*), Chopin's beloved *Les Sylphides*.

Every album in *Arthur Fiedler's Favorites* comes with a 30-day free audition privilege—so you keep only the albums you truly enjoy. To sample the first album (described below), mail out postpaid reply card today. Or use coupon below.

Audition The American Spirit
free for ten days

Enjoy the best originality and rich esauement of our musical heritage through 30 varied compositions, selected and conducted by the Mercato. They include, on these concert-quality LP records (for two-eight-track tape cartridges or tape cassettes): Yankee Doodle, Home on the Range, Shenandoah, Down in the Valley, Porters Don't Fence Me In, Rodgers and Hammerstein's The Sound of the Music with the Frigate on Top, Sundream's Seed in the Clover, and more.

Fiedler also teams up in this lively album with several of America's finest musicians: Duke Ellington on his own *Mood Indigo*, Chet Atkins on *Tennessee Waltz*, Peter Dinklage on *Rhapsody in Blue*. A fascinating booklet of notes on the music, prepared in cooperation with Fiedler, accompanies your records.

Plus Bonus Gift!

And you also receive a delightful, full-color, 24-page biography of the Maestro, with a number of rare photographs—you're to keep even if you decide not to buy a single album.



Two-Life Records
Two-Life Building, Chicago, Illinois 60611

RESULTS

Foster and the *Time* American Spirit list her days free examination along with my 1997 review from *Artforum* and my 2000 book introduction to the artist. I include Foster's 1997 statement about it and my 2001 *NY Times* 100 in Creative play, playing and finding. I will offer another future album in *NYU's* *PERFORMANCES* (2008/2012) shaped in efforts at a time appreciatively away other means. Each shows within 2001-2012 in Creative play, playing and finding and will come on the 100th day free-examination series. There is no maximum number of albums that I may show and I may create my subsequent day free supply by including my 2001 *NY Times* 100 in Creative play, I will allow 100 days, my 2001 day free-examination will be considered and I will not be under any further obligation. The Foster Inauguration will be here to see you.

☐ Check to have if you want two eight hour
long seminars instead of one.
(02/01/01) (02/01/01)

☐ Check here if you want that key
capacitors instead of 1 euro.
(Release) 874-088

Author's address: _____

Case No. _____ Date Recd. _____

State _____ Pg. _____

Participants and questions will available in French.



You've worn the Other Guys' Jeans. Now change your luck.

If you haven't seen Dickies jeans, shirts, slacks, and slacks, then you and your legs have missed something. Dickies fit, fashion, and low price will make you forget the Other Guys. Made with Fortrel polyester. Look for the lucky dealer with the horseshoe Williamson Dickies Apparel Mfg. Co., Fort Worth, Texas.



BOOKS

BY ALFRED KAZIN



PERJURY

Why Hiss Can't Confess

Weinstein's book *Perjury*—almost the whole truth in Hiss v. Chambers

Thirty years ago, a highly sensitive writer at *Time* magazine, Whitaker Chambers, testified before the House Committee on Un-American Activities (which included freshman congressman Robert Nixon) that the brilliant lawyer and former State Department official Alger Hiss, then president of the Foreign Endowment for International Peace, had been an underground Soviet agent during the New Deal and had provided government documents to the Russians through Chambers. Hiss fled and accused Chambers of slander but was himself soon indicted for perjury and eventually spent forty-four months in jail. For thirty years he has maintained his innocence of Chambers' accusations, and he has always had such prominent supporters as high places that in 1975 he was reelected to the Massachusetts bar—the first lawyer in the state's history to be readmitted after a major criminal conviction.

Chambers died seventeen years ago. Hiss is seventy-three. Although Nixon from 1948 explained the Hiss case for all it was worth—even when he was besieged by Watergate he could not stop yammering about how he had helped to send Hiss—do you care if Hiss was an underground Communist during the Thirties? Even if he did pass on some information to the Russians at a time when no Stalin but Nikita Khrushchev was right hand, and millions of Americans wondered the whole looking for jobs, shelter and some helpful human contact, do Hiss's possible Communist sympathies more than thirty years ago matter now? Wasn't the ordeal of Alger Hiss after 1948 just another affront of anti-Communist hysteria and the cold war? Even if Chambers told the truth, who cares?

I, for one, do care—and so do many writers, even Americans born since the Hiss case exploded on our consciousness. If Alger Hiss has been lying the truth for thirty years, so many American liberals believe, then he is a victim of the most outrageous injustice and, in particular, of the historical anti-Communism of ex-Communist Whitaker Chambers and of the always outrageous Richard Nixon. If he was guilty in charged right places at his first trial thought so and all twelve did at his second trial—the evidence against him goes far beyond Chambers' "revelations," what are we to make of a man whose character was defended by the Secretary of State, two Supreme Court justices, two Democratic nominees for the Presidency, some of the most famous newspaper, publisher and writers in the land, but who has held to his after life for thirty years?

I think it has been lying all this time, he has surely been measured not only by his need to maintain his reputation but by the belief that he symbolized a "progressive" period in neo-conservatism and democratic McCarthyism who have used him for real political purposes. A European ex-Communist has complained that Hiss's trial never touched on the "real issue" even if he did steal the documents, what were his (document) motives? Probably... when Alger Hiss (progressive) died, as had so many who had been Communists in good faith, he was as no position in neo-conservative that changed... Whitaker Chambers is the real villain because he didn't keep his mouth shut about things past and done with." But Whitaker Chambers, who a while after was given to find self-dramatization, once wrote to William Buckley that "the Hiss case is a permanent war... I am really not a free agent and scarcely even an individual man... My reactions are a kind of public beast."

If Hiss has been lying all this time, what reason do we have to believe that he has "changed his mind so had so many who had been Communists in good faith?" With so much explicit political fascination on the part of Chambers and possibly even fascination on the part of Hiss, is the truth important here? There are many, many people to whom the issue is more important than the truth. The Hiss case has been fought over so long and bitterly by opposing political faiths that Allen Weinstein's devoted study compels and details *Perjury: The Hiss-Chambers Case* (Knopf, \$15), an impressively an occasional blackboard of fact, is a revelation of how political, partisan and half-baked most of the pro-Hiss (and even a little of the anti-Hiss) literature has been. After this book, it is impossible to imagine anything new in the case except an admission by Alger Hiss that he has been lying for thirty years. That would make him a monster to everybody. Hiss came out of political poverty in Blackburg and a background of several family suicides to construct a publicly exemplary career that had been John Haynes to Harvard Law in clothing for Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes to famous law firms in the State Department and the Carnegie Endowment. He has always looked in control, upright, even noble, that it had finally been impossible for him to understand himself.

But Weinstein shows that Hiss had to be about so many little things and order today any Communist trial that a person was built up, a fictitious life that he has long been forced to believe in himself. Finally, Hiss must continue to believe himself, his own martyr. To repudiate his defense now would be to destroy every claim he has ever made for his reputation, for his personal loyalties, for the Roosevelt Administration itself in peace and war.

Book critic Alfred Kazin is at Stanford University's Center for Advanced Study in the Behavioral Sciences this year.

Photograph from Hiss News

MARCH 28, 1978/ESQWINE 21

What is most involved in the Hiss case is the fact that in the Thirties Communism did seem to many Americans to be "progressive."

Weinstein is a professor of history at Amherst who has not allowed his sense of duty to be clouded by 1939- or 1950- Communist need. He began his unusually thorough research as part of a larger work on the cold war and American society. Referring Hiss fairly accused, he argued that the F.B.I. has spread and immediately had a copy of the document (see 2). Edgar comes out of the book as a nice man (above). But Weinstein, under the Freedom of Information Act, eventually obtained over thirty thousand pages of classified F.B.I. files and thousands of pages of secret State Department documents.

Weinstein is an unforgiving and persistent researcher with a gift for drawing out people not ordinarily given to confidences about their political past. He gained access to many previously inaccessible, unavailable or misinterpreted sources of documentary and oral evidence here and abroad, spoke with over eighty people who had special knowledge of the case or its protagonists—Soviet agents and congressional Republicans, spies and former Communists, members of both the Hiss and Chambers families. He interviewed Hiss half a dozen times and over four years clocked more than 125,000 miles of travel. Forty of the people he interviewed had never spoken openly about the case. He even got to five participants in Soviet intelligence during the Thirties.

The most unexpected confirmation of Chambers' charges came from the records of the Cough and Bergquist, set police. These were studied by a Czech businessman, now an émigré in Munich, before the Russians overthrew the "internal" Czech regime. Hiss had been named in the report by the Czech agent. For a man who has emigrated for thirty years that he knew Chambers only as a journalist trying to pick up stories around Washington, Hiss certainly left a trail of evidence dangerous to no other.

It begins in 1938, when he unknowingly confirmed Chambers' previous testimony that Hiss was a hard worker and had once excitedly sported the rare proletarian sweater. Chambers and his wife took over a Washington apartment, the old Ford that Hiss had previously "donated" (as it was claimed hardly to have known was, on the record, "sold" for twenty-five dollars to a Washington Communist). Chambers said that the C.P. had persuaded Hiss to accept the new assignment of his services, and Hiss did own the rug. Chambers produced six typed stories concerning State Department summaries of oral notes dating from January 5 to April 1, 1938 (Hiss wrote that he never saw or conversed with Chambers after January 1, 1937). All

the experts agreed that these pages had been typed on Hiss's Woodstock typewriter, N 22009. The typewriter had been given by the Hisses to their maid, but for over five months Hiss and the maid clearly tried to keep the F.B.I. from finding it. When it finally surfaced, Hiss indignantly asserted that either the F.B.I. had been an overt replica of his old Woodstock (planned out to be technically impossible) or that Chambers had stolen into the Hiss house to type the stuff himself. Even the jury in his first trial gave credit to accept that openly laughed when he said, "Just the day I die, I shall wonder how Whitaker Chambers got into my house to use my typewriter!"

Long before the case broke, Hiss had been named as a Soviet agent by French intelligence, his name appearing again when a cipher clerk in the Soviet embassy in Ottawa defected and described the secret apparatus in Canada and the U.S. Grouping proposed Hiss as first secretary-general of the U.N. Although former underground Communists in this country such as literary agent Maxine Lerner detested Chambers and complained that he was defaming decent people whose motives, "had been understandable and honorable," Lerner finally (as Weinstein told Hiss to his old group) did Josephine Herbst, the ex-wife of a prominent Communist writer and underground agent who had fled to Mexico, to tell Deborah Wood. Chambers' other service in State. One particularly damning detail was Chambers' proof that the Russians had been given confidential State Department information about detecting tanks and that Hiss had gone out of his way to prevent this information. As late as 1945, Hiss sought access to top U.S.S. secrets that had nothing to do with his official duties in separating the U.N.

Despite all this, Hiss was admired and defended (though not always for very long) by Felix Frankfurter, Dewey Acheson, the trustee of the Carnegie Endowment, Arthur Hays Sulzberger and many other notables. Hiss had the voluntary services of some of the most prestigious law firms in the country. President Franklin Roosevelt wrote the famous lawyer Genevieve Clark: "If Hiss, assuming the fidelity of the allegations against him, can nevertheless be successfully sustained and named, nobody is safe and great public peril will be involved." Even Chambers admitted Hiss as charming, generous, brilliant, Chambers himself, with his bad teeth, his drinking past and his record as a sometime homosexual, was denounced by Hiss's first trial lawyer as a friend of unimpeachable, a donor of God. Hiss himself, psychopaths volunteered to defend Alger Hiss by say-

ing that Chambers was a psychopath. Chambers was melodramatic, self-dramatizing, and he certainly became the very prototype of the ex-Communist turned vicious as his old intellectual friends at Columbia for leading him to "substantive modernism" and declared himself as a prophet for the "Class of '39" (but we know all about Chambers as reader, student, "informant" and "in-cadre" and pseudofriend. What we do not know about is Alger Hiss. Although Hiss was a cultivated yet low-keyed account of all the facts that it should be due to him, Alger Hiss will survive it. Even if nobody else joins him, he will sustain his innocence. He will refuse to confess. He cannot confess. What is most involved in the Hiss case is the historical fact that in the Thirties, Communism did seem to many Americans to be "progressive" and somehow analogous to old American hopes for a better society.

There was a lesson that many people learned—that even today Russia's interests cannot bear to forget. The lesson was that since they believed so fervently in their dream world of "success," Stalin's Russia was, despite all appearances, on the path to democracy. That was backed up by a dozen Stalin in his fear of Hitler would do anything to work with Western democracy. Yet one of the many shattering facts Weinstein brings out is that long before the 1939 Hitler-Stalin pact, the Gestapo and the Russian K.G.B. were already working together in this country. That was another reason why Communists like Chambers "broke" in 1938. Soviet intelligence agents who betrayed the slightest doubt about the Hisses were being called "home" to be punished. Chambers was one of these. Instead, he remained here, to make history. A further proof of how well he knew Hiss is that he was able to break in 1938, when he was actively safe, how could he break in 1948? 1938?

Once he had several talks with Alger Hiss and was named by the agency and its secretaries of his character, by the number of well-known Communists he seemed to be in touch with—and his personal public persona. As law clerk to Justice Holmes, Hiss wrote the famous review of the Hiss case. Hiss was having such United States language, after something like that, Hiss ever admitting that he had been, however insignificantly, a transmitter of documents. Documents? Typewriters? Publications? Alger Hiss will go to his grave honestly believing that he is a better American than you or I. It

Never buy a Bordeaux by the bottle. Buy a great, velvety Bordeaux by the label.



This is the bottle with a label made in Bordeaux, a label made in France

1975

PONTET-LAFLEUR

PRODUCTION No. 1

Bordeaux

The B&G label.

B&G. 250 years of winemaking history from all the great wine regions of France: Bordeaux, the Loire Valley, Beaujolais, Cotes du Rhône and Burgundy. Now B&G brings you Pontet-Lafleur, a great velvety wine from Bordeaux.

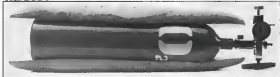
Superb. But affordable.

Just buy it by the label.

B&G.

Letters of recommendation from France.

IMPORTED BY B&G WINE CO., INC., 100 PARK AVENUE, NEW YORK 17, N.Y.



Oxygen Debt Is No Joke

Blood gas exchange is tricky; skiers and divers must understand it

Athlete, jet settler and a versatile craze for fitness, recreational sports and competitive athletics have lured millions of Americans into participation without of observers. Some who have the means and the motivation are persistent athletes that only the highly trained were doing a few years ago, sports that make extraordinary and hazardous demands on the body, not only by the activities themselves but by the environments in which they're performed. Let's consider two such examples of recreational activities—skiing at high altitudes and scuba diving—and examine how each puts moderate stress on the respiratory-circulatory system. While there are serious hazards to the only two activities (broken bones, strained muscles, jet-sickness among them), they do not necessarily occur. It is the physiological stresses that will affect most people who venture into the inhospitable realm of height and depth.

You leave your home in, say, Boston and drive to Logan International Airport (altitude 27 feet), where you board a 727 Jet Liner for Denver (altitude 5,760 feet) and go there to a restaurant that sits at 12,000 feet above sea level. You're bored for a week of skiing—and skiing, not just pecking around those modest day cat mountains in New England. This will be big league. Alpine skiing with runs that mean to go on beyond under a run that's incredibly bright above the atmospheric sludge of the city. You've done your apprenticeship on the eastern hills and consider yourself a fair downhill skier. You see yourself going flowingly down that mountain in a slalom drizzle. From Denver there is a ride on a feeder airline or a bus trip to the resort. Tomorrow will be the lift, up and up.

Paul Schultz is the former chief editor of Modern Medicine, the world's largest professional journal for doctors.

When you left sea level, the barometric pressure was about 760 mm of mercury (Hg). Now you've vaulted into a truly rarified region of roughly 440 mm Hg. Likewise, the available oxygen and its pressure have been proportionately reduced. Although the percentage of oxygen in the air remains constant at twenty-one percent (a rounded figure), at 12,000 feet oxygen pressure has dropped from a sea-level figure of 158 mm Hg to 91 mm Hg. In short, you have lost about one-third of the oxygen that would normally be on hand for you to breathe.

This is a serious problem for a creature that adapts but slowly to marked, abrupt environmental change. And the breath of life is more than a poetic expression.

Boathing itself is really a cooperative maneuver between you and the earth-enveloping layer of gases we call the atmosphere. You expend the volume of your lungs to suckle, and the air, under pressure of its own weight (14.7 pounds per square inch at sea level), mostly obliges by sweeping in to occupy the additional space. But under conditions of less available air, that's less oxygen being delivered by the blood to muscles, heart and brain through the miraculous exchange process known as diffusion. It takes place between blood-filled capillaries and the blood, the gaseous elements of peripheral molecules that are abundant at the terminations of the branched branches in the lungs. In fact, if the alveoli were spaced out that their area would be equal to that of a tennis court. Across these membranes is exchanged carbon dioxide, the major by-product of life processes, and oxygen, which is in order a substance of life. Compensating the exchange is hazardous to health.

The body, of course, tries to compensate for the diminished oxygen supply in a number of ways. First, by hyperventilating, that is, by increasing the rate of

respiration to acquire more oxygen. It is a sound defense mechanism, but in the process of increasing respiration, sometimes too much carbon dioxide is lost, producing a condition known as alkalosis, which in turn depresses the respiratory system in the brain at a time when additional oxygen is so important.

The heart works harder, and pressure in the artery supplying the lungs rises dramatically; capillaries dilate, and flow through the arteries increases.

These and other events can lead to a serious combination of symptoms known as high-altitude sickness. It is just what it says: sickness brought on by a slide. Difficulty in sleeping is usually the first symptom, followed by the onset of a headache that may move into the throbbing variety so popular with the aspirin addict. Other symptoms include nausea, vomiting, extreme fatigue, loss of appetite, dizziness and labored breathing. And since we tend to breathe through the mouth under a variety, hyperventilation causes the body to lose moisture in an atmosphere that is markedly drier than air at sea level.

The duration and severity of the symptoms vary depending on the altitude, climate and the individual's physical condition and overall vascular ability.

Frequently, high-altitude sickness is a transient problem: usually it is more extreme within twenty-four to forty hours after arrival. Then it tapers off to where most persons are asymptomatic by the fifth day on the slopes. Even so, it can get your life holiday off to a lousy start, and a person who isn't expecting altitude complications can be awfully surprised and frightened even to the point of thinking he's had a heart attack. Then can lead to a lower altitude for a work-up in a medical facility. Hardly the vacation described in the travel brochures.

Photograph by Phil Goring

For me, the choice was obvious.



There's a big choice in telephones these days. But the choice doesn't have to be difficult.

To find the right style and the right quality, just come right to Bell.

Because Bell telephones give you all sorts of shapes and colors and styles to choose from.

All Bell quality. And all kinds of customized calling services as well.

So, you can get a phone that's genuinely you, and still get a phone that's genuine Bell. What could be more obvious?

 **Bell System**



BE CHOOSY

Serious downhill skiers should exercise to boost strength and flexibility and should work on aerobic capacity by running and bicycling.

There isn't a great deal that can be done for altitude reactions—you get through them. Alpine is useful to relieve the headache, and because of its antispasmodic properties (on blood vessels), it may help prevent formation of blood clots. A doctor at the resort may give you a mild sedative and possibly something to relieve the headache and nausea. Can you prevent high-altitude sickness? Certainly, but it takes 10,000 feet for the rest of your life. However, if that's somewhat conservative for your athletic taste, you could acclimate yourself to altitudes by spending one or two days in training at every 2000- to 3000-foot elevation. This, too, is impractical for the recreational skier who has a week or even two of vacation. So the best you can do is exercise to increase your wind, or "aerobic capacity," as the modern trainers call it. This is good advice for any recreational athlete, but it is very important for the skier, particularly the one who is planning to ski at high altitudes.

Thus, besides exercising to boost muscular strength and joint flexibility, which may serve as preventive therapy, you should work on aerobic capacity by jogging, running, bicycling or cross-country skiing. Keep in mind, though, that even vigorous training below 9000 feet will not prevent altitude discomfort; it will only help moderate the symptoms. As a general rule, for some degree of sickness when you reach any height above 9000 feet, and when symptoms occur, take it easy. Rest to conserve energy and reduce cardiovascular demands. Stay warm, take aspirin, and, maybe a mild sedative if prescribed, and drink plenty of liquids. Also, you're free to eat lots of carbohydrate—spaghetti, bread, pancakes, potatoes and other starchy foods. As for fluids to the weight-conscious. Medical investigators who have studied intense muscular activity found that carbohydrate is basic in replenishing body stores of glycogen in substance vital to muscle function, which is rapidly depleted during vigorous exercise.

If you're trained, expectant and cautious, chances are your dream vacation can be spent on skis, not in bed.

At the other extreme of physically demanding pursuits is scuba diving. Unlike the high-altitude skier, whose major hazard is too little pressure, the diver is subjected to the stresses and dangers of constantly high pressures caused by an external medium, a vast, uncompressible liquid. The deeper the diver, the greater the pressure on the body and on the gases breathed. And, it should be added, the greater the risk of injury from (1) barotrauma or (2) decompression

sickness and other types of air embolism. Both are serious; the latter category can be fatal and are the consequences of an environment markedly altered by pressure.

At sea level, the ambient pressure is 760 mm Hg, or one absolute atmosphere (ATA). For every 33 feet of descent into seawater, the pressure on the diver increases by one ATA. Mastering, then, may sound from your third class's practical example of Boyle's Law—doubling the pressure on a gas reduces its volume by one half. This applies as well to the air being supplied during diving. The diver, breathing from a pressurized tank with a regulator, will inhale air as the pressure of the water. Since the volume of the diver's lungs remains constant, as he descends the air must increase in density to maintain equilibrium between the lungs and water pressure. If the diver descends slowly and exhales steadily, pressure will stay in balance. Although the factors affecting proper diving become quite complex (and no one should attempt the sport without thorough instruction and medical evaluation), the principles of maintaining equilibrium between man and his volatile, caustic environment

Taking the hazards one by one, barotrauma is injury caused by unequal pressures in body cavities. As a general rule, it is the internal force of divers. The middle ear is the most frequent site of barotrauma, although the sinuses, and other sinus and tooth fillings, can be affected. If you've never experienced clogged, sore ears after ordinary swimming or yawning and yawned to pop your ears during an airplane flight, you can appreciate the potential danger of unequal pressure on the air in, say, your ATAs in 99 feet of water.

The injury may just involve a sinusitis, but it can critical to congestion of the entire auditory, hemorrhage of the eardrum and filling of the middle ear with blood. And it can usually be avoided by never separate itself from others when diving with a head cold, hay fever, sinusitis, or other disorder that impairs the balance between internal and external pressures. This underscores an important precaution: If you have a cold or other head stiffness, don't dive. Stay on the beach.

Air embolism is the result of greater pressure in the lungs than in the ambient water. This pressure forces air across the alveoli and into the circulation. The embolism is usually caused by a too rapid ascent and can also be brought on by holding the breath (often because of panic), which expands the lungs rapidly during ascent. For example, a diver holding his breath at a

release from 66 feet will hit the surface with the air in his lungs pressurized to 40 pounds per square inch compared with the sea-level pressure of about 15 psi. He may also suffer embolisms; in fact, many cases of scuba drowning are thought to be caused by air embolisms in the brain, a common way for the released air since it normally tends to rise. Unconscious or, at the best, the diver must undergo recompression in a high-pressure chamber along with supportive therapy, such as administration of oxygen and intravenous fluids, as necessary.

Decompression sickness—the type of diving the press is called "the bends"—is usually a result of improper decompression. It is the result of nitrogen accumulating in the tissues and body fluids and forming bubbles as pressure decreases during ascent. Unless the ascent is slow enough to exhaust the gas through the lungs, it remains in the body, where it can cause joint pain, itching rashes, fatigue, painful swelling, dizziness, weakness or paralysis, numbness, disorientation, visual disturbances, or blindness, and convulsions. Obviously, almost any abnormality after diving may be a symptom, or it may not, so with an embolism, the only sure way to treat it is by recompression and decompression slow enough to eliminate all dissolved, trapped nitrogen. Even with treatment, however, divers have suffered permanent physical and nervous damage from the bends.

Certainly it is better to prevent the bends by following the recommended procedures for ascending, which are spelled out in the decompression tables contained in the U.S. Navy Diving Manual. These tables take into account the gas solubility rates of nitrogen in prescribing rates of ascent according to time and depth of dive. For example, a dive to 33 feet (no more than 10 minutes only by air supply and require only a gradual ascent for safe decompression), while a dive to 100 feet for 30 minutes demands an ascent of four and a half minutes with a stop at 10 feet for three minutes. Even so, following the tables is no absolute guarantee of preventing decompression sickness; individual variability is always a factor.

If you feel yourself lured by the mystique of the deep—and who has watched Jacques Cousteau and not been attracted to scuba diving?—here are some precautions to keep in mind: Take a recognized instructional course, use quality equipment, and undergo a thorough physical examination for the express purpose of being cleared for diving. And finally, don't get out of your depth—literally.

WHERE TO GO TO HEAR ALTEC SOUND.



At major recording studios.



In concerts, theaters and stadiums.

Altec Lansing
Cable Division
Cable City 9, N.Y. 10018
(212) 487-6077

Altec Lansing
101 Park Avenue
New York, N.Y. 10017
(212) 512-0700

Altec Lansing
4001 Van Ness
San Francisco, CA 94118
(415) 441-0100

Altec Lansing Corp.
400 Van Ness
San Francisco, CA 94118
(415) 441-0100

Altec Lansing
101 Park Avenue
New York, N.Y. 10017
(212) 512-0700

Altec Lansing
101 Park Avenue
New York, N.Y. 10017
(212) 512-0700

Altec Lansing
101 Park Avenue
New York, N.Y. 10017
(212) 512-0700

Altec Lansing
101 Park Avenue
New York, N.Y. 10017
(212) 512-0700

Altec Lansing
101 Park Avenue
New York, N.Y. 10017
(212) 512-0700

Altec Lansing
101 Park Avenue
New York, N.Y. 10017
(212) 512-0700

Altec Lansing
101 Park Avenue
New York, N.Y. 10017
(212) 512-0700

Altec Lansing
101 Park Avenue
New York, N.Y. 10017
(212) 512-0700

Altec Lansing
101 Park Avenue
New York, N.Y. 10017
(212) 512-0700

Altec Lansing
101 Park Avenue
New York, N.Y. 10017
(212) 512-0700

Altec Lansing
101 Park Avenue
New York, N.Y. 10017
(212) 512-0700

Altec Lansing
101 Park Avenue
New York, N.Y. 10017
(212) 512-0700

Altec Lansing
101 Park Avenue
New York, N.Y. 10017
(212) 512-0700

Altec Lansing
101 Park Avenue
New York, N.Y. 10017
(212) 512-0700

Altec Lansing
101 Park Avenue
New York, N.Y. 10017
(212) 512-0700

Altec Lansing
101 Park Avenue
New York, N.Y. 10017
(212) 512-0700

Altec Lansing
101 Park Avenue
New York, N.Y. 10017
(212) 512-0700

Altec Lansing
101 Park Avenue
New York, N.Y. 10017
(212) 512-0700

Altec Lansing
101 Park Avenue
New York, N.Y. 10017
(212) 512-0700

Altec Lansing
101 Park Avenue
New York, N.Y. 10017
(212) 512-0700

Altec Lansing
101 Park Avenue
New York, N.Y. 10017
(212) 512-0700

Altec Lansing
101 Park Avenue
New York, N.Y. 10017
(212) 512-0700

Altec Lansing
101 Park Avenue
New York, N.Y. 10017
(212) 512-0700

Altec Lansing
101 Park Avenue
New York, N.Y. 10017
(212) 512-0700

Altec Lansing
101 Park Avenue
New York, N.Y. 10017
(212) 512-0700

Altec Lansing
101 Park Avenue
New York, N.Y. 10017
(212) 512-0700

Altec Lansing
101 Park Avenue
New York, N.Y. 10017
(212) 512-0700

Altec Lansing
101 Park Avenue
New York, N.Y. 10017
(212) 512-0700

Altec Lansing
101 Park Avenue
New York, N.Y. 10017
(212) 512-0700

Altec Lansing
101 Park Avenue
New York, N.Y. 10017
(212) 512-0700

Altec Lansing
101 Park Avenue
New York, N.Y. 10017
(212) 512-0700

Altec Lansing
101 Park Avenue
New York, N.Y. 10017
(212) 512-0700

Altec Lansing
101 Park Avenue
New York, N.Y. 10017
(212) 512-0700

Altec Lansing
101 Park Avenue
New York, N.Y. 10017
(212) 512-0700

Altec Lansing
101 Park Avenue
New York, N.Y. 10017
(212) 512-0700

Altec Lansing
101 Park Avenue
New York, N.Y. 10017
(212) 512-0700

Altec Lansing
101 Park Avenue
New York, N.Y. 10017
(212) 512-0700

Altec Lansing
101 Park Avenue
New York, N.Y. 10017
(212) 512-0700

Altec Lansing
101 Park Avenue
New York, N.Y. 10017
(212) 512-0700

Altec Lansing
101 Park Avenue
New York, N.Y. 10017
(212) 512-0700

Altec Lansing
101 Park Avenue
New York, N.Y. 10017
(212) 512-0700

At a knowledgeable, friendly home.

Or at your nearest Altec Lansing dealer.

Evenings that memories are made of
so often include DRAMBUIE.



DORADO

B E A C H H O T E L

Our golden crescent
beaches, shaded by a wall
of rocks, are like warm, crystal
clear lagoons. Dip into the
terrace pool ringed with
flowers and cabanas. Or the
quiet, private one on the
sleeping lawn of La Casa.



At Dorado, in Dorado.



It's one thing to have two
championship Robert Trent
Jones golf courses, considered
to be among the finest in the
world, but it's something else
again to have a statue for
Frank Fitzpatrick (18 years
at Dorado). He's intri-
cately patient and gifted
in the art of keeping things
moving. Come back
after a year or two
and chances
are you'll
remember
your name.

There's a warm, old Spanish welcome, "Mi casa es su casa" (My house is your house). If anything personifies the charm of Dorado it's La Casa, once the hacienda of the owners of a thriving pineapple plantation. Come have cocktails around the fountain in its vine-covered courtyard. Move into a handsome interior room or the veranda for gracious candlelight dining. Have coffee or drinks and a dance in the upstairs bar and enjoy a stellar view of the ocean. A Regent International hotel, Dorado Beach Hotel, Puerto Rico. An informal, elegant paradise. Tennis courts. Horse paths. The casino. For those who know what's best Your travel agent will make reservations. Or call LRI. Or Regent International 800-621-0630 toll-free (800-252-6277 California, 213-652-1454 Los Angeles).



Dorado Beach Hotel

©1991 Dorado Beach Hotel, Inc.

Sandpiper Bay, Anyone?

Florida's 1,000 acre resort presents
John Gardiner Tennis Clinics.

Sandpiper Bay

For a long time, we've been known as Egmont at Port St. Lucie, Florida. With 1,000 great vacation acres. Located in one of Florida's most scenic areas, overlooking the sparkling mile-wide St. Lucie River just an hour's drive north of Palm Beach. Now, we're getting a reputation as the place for tennis in Florida. It's easy to see why.

The best way to learn
Whether you're a beginner or a court terror, you'll get a lot out of our clinics.



Because they're run by John Gardiner, who's had over 27 years of instruction experience. You'll go through the basics: Analysis of your strokes, strategy on singles, doubles and mixed doubles. Then you'll move through special drills that'll sharpen your skills, fine-tune your reflexes and give you tremendous court confidence. The facilities? The finest. 11 championship all-weather courts, 8 lighted for night play. Computerized ball machines, instant replay closed circuit TV so you can watch what you're doing, wrong or right. And a staff of experts who know it all. So don't act like it. They're friendly, patient, and take the time to let you progress at your



own speed. Clinics are kept small for more individual attention. And there's plenty of time after class for lounge games. Or heading out by Sandpiper

Bus (we're known as Egmont at Port St. Lucie).

The best place to learn

4 challenging golf courses. Including a family-style par 3. Two swimming pools. Deep sea fishing nearby. A full service marina. Sailboats, motor boats, paddle boats. Bicycles. Water polo, playground and all kinds of recreational fun. Pick up French Lounger for cocktails. The Brass Sandpiper bar dinner. The coffee shop for between meal snacks. The Centre Court Lounge for music to the music.

And for a quick, quiet rooms with private terraces overlooking some of the most beautiful country this side of the Kingdom.

Sandpiper Bay
Resort at Port St. Lucie
Come for the tennis. And you'll get a soupy-mojo vacation resort in the bargain. Take Florida's Turnpike to exit 34 and follow the signs to Sandpiper Bay. For reservations or information, see your travel agent or your nearest US office. Or write us at Port St. Lucie, Florida 33452 (352) 334-4890.



SANDPIPER BAY

The resort at Port St. Lucie, Florida
A General Development Resort Hotel



A Small Masterpiece of a Hotel

Opposite the Metropolitan Museum, overlooking Central Park, minutes from everything else that matters. Individualized accommodations, cuisine and service for connoisseurs of the good life. Entertainment in the Rominch Room, Café du Parc outdoors.

THE Stanhope

FIFTH AVENUE AT 84th ST. N.Y. 10019
Phone to telephone area 212 684-1601

"Il Rigoletto"

a taste of
Northern Italy on
East 53rd Street.



Reservations
Catering
Dinner
23 East 53rd Street (near Lexington)
Reservations: (212) 758-6944
afternoon delivery only



The Irish Pavilion

Lunch
Dinner
Cocktails
Daily Specials
Visit our Irish export shop
Entertainment Wed. thru Sat.
All Credit Cards

230 East 57th Street, New York
Tel: (212) 758-6042



ANNOUNCING

cocktails, pre-theatre dinner
and after-theatre supper
fit for the gods
from 5 p.m. at the world-famed,
the incomparable

ΔIONYSOS

304 East 48th Street
212/758-8240

dining, dancing and entertainment in the great Greek tradition.



10 East 68th Street N.Y.C.
(off 5th Ave.) Res. PL 3-6010

Be it crystal ball, the new owners have completely restored the world's most famous nightclub to its authentic art deco look of the 30's & 40's. Today the New COPA is divided into two separate areas: THE COPA LOUNGE and THE COPA STAGE. In THE COPA LOUNGE during the day, THE COPA is open for lunch and cocktails. On Tuesday, Thursday, Saturday & Sunday, there is a live band playing popular music and dancing. There is a FREE S.M.E. (S.M.E. is a party music) during cocktail hour. Monday is Improvisation Night from 7 P.M. to 4 A.M. Tuesday thru Saturday we are open for dinner with excellent food. American and European cuisine, vibrant live music, dancing in the fabulous bar of the STIVENS FREED THE 3rd floor plus 3 great shows nightly. Incredibly, at the bar, there is never a cover charge.

DISCOVERIES is one of the world's most famous DISCO THEATERS. Open Friday & Saturday only from 10 P.M. to 4 A.M. See Sings & Dances over 21 (21+) dinner in the Copia Lounge there is no charge for the Disco. The New COPA DANCE is only suitable for PRIVATE FUNCTIONS of all kinds from private wedding & corporate parties to business shows, weddings, dinner 10's business meetings, etc. etc. If you've never been to THE COPA before, you are your job. If you want to see how you really act, come to the restaurant. Cocktails and great performances are always happening by the bar. Why Don't You? (Dancers Required). Valid Parking Meter Credit Card.

The Gotham is missing just one thing. A visit from you.

You missed it, it's the Gotham. Handmade accommodations, with the most modern amenities. European service. Charming restaurants with microclimatic cuisine. An intimate bar, and a late hours disco-therap. All set of elegance, enhanced by our distinguished clientele. All in a spectacular location, steps from the heart of the New York center.

Make us complete. Next time you're in New York, stay at the Gotham. "Rooms from \$35, suites from \$75. Garages available."

See your travel agent or call:
New York 213-247-1200,
Chicago 312-664-8335, Washington, D.C. 202-737-0003,
Boston 617-225-1735, Philadelphia 215-965-8339,
Toronto 416-963-3771.



Toscana
Northern Italian Cuisine
240 East 54th Street
New York, New York 10022
(212) 874-8144

SOUL JAZZ
Julian & Caroline will be
Live - 7:30pm - 10:00pm
on 7-11-92 will be on the web from
8:00pm to 1:00am
750 8th St. #101 New York, NY 10014

Restaurant
L'Aiglon
Walt-Thomas Dining or Private
Dining Facilities
136-55th, N.Y.C. / PL3-7296
Continental Cuisine of 20th Century
For Lunch or Dinner
After 5:00pm Served to 11 PM
Open Sundays

Mama Laura
Serving Northern Italian
Cuisine for 20 years...
All Pasta made on premises
LUNCH • DINNER
AFTER 5:00 PM
318 West 54th St., NYC-MC 1-694

Come to Switzerland... come to the
Swiss Center Restaurants

Beilfer 3-633-6838, Pavilion 3-727-0291, Patisserie 3-727-0291

You choose your hotel with the same punch as you do your classic motor car.

We designed The Stanford Court for you.



The Stanford Court
Hotel on San Francisco's Nob Hill

For people who understand the subtle differences.

For reservations anywhere in the U.S., contact California and toll free (800) 227-4218.
In San Francisco call (415) 989-1700. Questions in California call toll free (800) 633-0292.
Member of Hotel Representatives, Inc. and Preferred Hotels Association.

GETTING AWAY

BY STEPHEN BIRNBAUM



Watching the Dollar Die

South America is about the only place the exchange rate still helps

For an American traveler based on the passage of the past World War II dollar, it's a little like having your pocket picked. You need a London hotel lobby and the talk is only about prices. This mascot at Burberry come more here than it does at home? are the same issues (quite accurately), and his countryman replies, "The dollar's value is so low in the European market it's almost too difficult." And if these conversations sound eerily like the police to an innocent Argentine, you should hear the American currently visiting Munich, Geneva or Tokyo.

Strong abroad lately the even a short period of time) gives you the same feeling of stepping into quicksand: you can almost literally feel the value of your currency made. During just one recent holiday period in London, it particularly watched the pound rise from \$1.86 to \$1.96—meaning a decrease in buying power for the dollar of nearly five and a half percent. No wonder travelers are feeling a little odd.

And lest you think this was an isolated incident, there follows a pretty precise story of the dollar's decline against major currencies during the past twelve months (see table). It indicates more strongly why those reports of a glass of orange juice costing \$3 are not mere hyperbole.

As you can clearly see, the dollar has lost as dramatic time against virtually every strong currency in the world over the past year. That so many of the most popular tourist and vacation destinations are where these strong currencies exist just makes matters that much worse. Switzerland, Germany and Japan led the list of dollar disaster areas, but they are hardly unique. And to add one more die pressing note to the proceedings: there

Stephen Birnbaum is the travel editor of *USA magazine*.

Table A

Percentage decline of dollar's value against foreign currencies

Switzerland (d franc)	28.1%
Japan (yen)	19.3
West Germany (d mark)	14.1
Great Britain and Ireland (pound)	14.6
Austria (schilling)	12.8
Belgium (franc)	12.3
Norway (krone)	11.5
Australia (Australian dollar)	4.7
France (franc)	4.4
Italy (lira)	1.8
Hong Kong (Hong Kong dollar)	1.8

are also many foreign countries whose own escalating inflation has further exacerbated the exchange equation.

But the foreign exchange table can as easily be a positive travel tool as a total turn off. For there are some very appealing travel destinations where economic conditions are apparently far worse than our own, meaning that the dollar's value has held up very well indeed, as table B shows.

Highly, many of these destinations are concentrated in the hemisphere and represent some of the world's best (for Americans) travel bargains. Getting a nearly ten percent bonus on every U.S. dollar spent in Canada is not a bad reason to turn your eyes northward, and I can think of lots of worse places to spend

Table B

Percentage increase of dollar's value against foreign currencies

Argentina (peso)	+54.7%
Israel (sheqel)	+42.6
Ireland (pound)	+36.0
Portugal (escudo)	+30.1
Spain (peseta)	+14.3
Sweden (krona)	+8.4
Canada (Canadian dollar)	+6.5
Venezuela (bolivar)	+3.8
Mexico (peso)	+1.3

a week's vacation than Rio de Janeiro. But beyond the fact that Spain and Portugal are likely to be the best European travel bargains in 1978 and that you might have to take out a bank loan to pay for a first class hotel room in Tokyo, the real moral of the current situation is that 1978 is a year when frugality is of the essence. I'd like to have a desknote mark for every time I've seen an American tourist hold out a handful of swollen-out foreign currency to a shopkeeper and ask him to pick out what was owed. Lack of knowledge about how to manage money when traveling can be a far more subtle enemy than the most dishonest hostler.

The use of traveler's checks is a good case in point. For reasons best known to the boys in the back rooms of the banks, it almost always gets a better rate of exchange abroad for a traveler's check than for cash in the same denomination. The difference isn't great but it can amount to one percent of the total exchanged.

Yet even if you were a knowledgeable enough traveler to be aware of this fact, you might still dispute the potential exchange bonus by using those traveler's checks that traditionally cost one percent over their face value. This is especially worrisome since there are several sorts of institutions issuing traveler's checks (Bankers Bank used the international \$1000 bill of Bank-Parsons—to name just two whose refund policies are roughly equivalent to those of American Express, Bank of America and the like, but whose checks are available at no charge whenever to the traveler).

So it is entirely possible to realize a unexpected savings amount on all the money you spend abroad just by knowing enough to exchange only traveler's checks and to buy them only where they are at their charge. On \$1,000, the savings

Photograph by Phil Korman

ALL GOOD THINGS MUST COME TO AN END.



An empty case of Inglenook Extra Botled Chabasco 1975

Inglenook Extra Botled Chabasco 1975

Inglenook Extra Botled Chabasco 1975. It may not be good business for a winery to run out of a wine. But we assure us lower our wine-making standards in order to meet public demand.

For most ages, we've created no little of a great looking wine. But at Inglenook, we would neither apologize for the lack of quantity, than for the lack of quality.

INGLENOOK

When you toast from the heart, remember our heart is in it too.

Inglenook Winery, Napa Valley, California



"AN EXTREMELY RARE CUT OF DRY WIT, POETRY, ROCK-HARD FACT AND RELENTLESS INSIGHT!"
—Rolling Stone

An insider's dazzling true tale of big-time cocaine traffic. You'll follow the adventures of Zachary Sagan, former Madison Avenue pro as he smuggles quantities of cocaine through Mexico, New York, South America.

"A fast-cut ballbuster... Sagan is a whip-smart writer." —Rush Limbaugh
"First-rate. A triumphant piece of reporting." —The New Yorker

AVON PAPERBACK, \$2.25



sanatarians to a still healthier—or enough for a pretty good dinner even in a country where the dollar is having its troubles.

One last note on traveler's checks and the exchange thereof. With the dollar's status deteriorating daily, many actually frantically exchange pounds here, lately taken a rather different view of exchanging dollars at all. Hotels in Rome, for example, have recently been noted as not taking American currency for lire, and Belgium has been choosing a few of its hotels at \$2.35 per franc as an exchange tariff. The best way to beat these growing cash rates is to take your traveler's checks to a local office of the issuing company. They will be delighted to give you the highest prevailing local exchange rate, and at no exchange whatever.

Knowing where to exchange money can easily be as important as knowing how. Anyone who goes into a foreign shop and pays for a purchase in American dollars—thereby avoiding himself of the foreign merchant's personally concocted exchange rate—should have his passport revoked and be put in a home for the "mentally naive." Even when the hotels and restaurants are only marginally better, and this usually only comprises a good selection of where not to change funds, except under point of death. It is never so rarely at times when the official exchange rate was hovering around twenty-three pesos to the dollar, one popular hotel was magnanimously offering its twenty pesos just over nineteen pesos for a dollar. So any unsuspecting tourist who avoided this rate, and possibly large sums for a whopping twenty-one percent in buying power by being too wary to convert it to the local bank. And that's the lesson of this tale: The place to exchange money is in a bank, and the bigger the bank the better.

Far less clear is the question of where to use foreign currency, and it is a problem that constantly plagues travelers. Generally speaking, you do better buy your European currency once you're there, though the business sometimes paid by American exchange firms for the purchase of Italian lire in large denominations notes makes this less than a hard-and-fast rule. Southern European currencies generally run consistently high, and there are the currencies generally worth checking.

The rule is just the reverse in South America, where it is almost always wiser to exchange currency before leaving. In a word, South America is a mess. For example, any available in Brazil these days at about seven for a dollar, but even the official Brazilian bank in New York will give you at least sixpence. And just to prove that currency exchange is never but an exchange of wares, Brazil is one of the next places where your star-struck cinema will give you a better exchange rate than the big banks.

SPORTS

BY ROY BLOUNT JR.



Soil Is the Soul of Baseball

In fact, its biodegradability is one of the basic glories of the game

In the little town Massachusetts village where I live, white flecks like cold-draft are scattering scampily down from on high to join the heavy white fog that has glazed over everything for months. The only visible thing resembling dirt in this entire area is the soil in the roadways, and I am feeling an intense *nostalgia de la tierra*.

My son plays hockey, his youth-hockey team there is an almost comical expression of a commodity known as "ice time." Oak to get out there on that ice whenever it unconcealed, from four o'clock to midnight, isn't twice the ice's time. How about my town? And about dirt? Isn't it good to know that the where it is down there land opens training to under way and people are doing their hands and feet handles with dirt or rubbing dirt into new balls to cut the slickness or digging dirt under their spikes or using their granddads' up out of dirt or having their shoes all out through the air to slide roughly but smoothly, to scum, through dirt.

Ah. This column is a tribute to baseball's absolute connection to earth. Baseball is the only American sport that has not opened of altogether, in any area, with American soil. In a revelation of the twenty-onc-by-tengeousness of the grass it still needs to help. Baseball today may need grass and stepped-up security and lawyers, but it doesn't need dirt boys yet.

It was a big day of Dirty Al Gallagher, who played for the Giants and the Angels a few years back. "I really liked Montreal," he said once. "Montreal has some really dirty dirt. You can really get Elky. The dirt is dirt dirt." But he also liked the dirt in Anaheim Stadium, which was a mixture of red clay and brick dirt that was grained, sliding, right on just the

bases and sometimes as far as the stands. Good.

A football game, of course, is often played wholly on a rug, and consequently no dirt or grass shows up on the players. Only latex of tackles, sweat and blood, which can't be seen from the stands. By the fourth quarter, virtually primitive grinders look around, like animals sliding gamblers from under cars.

Football love would be far poorer if games had always been played on carpets. Big Daddy Lapschitz, though a huge, burlesque tackle, had a dream of most crushing things. Once when he was playing on sand for the Steelers he pulled viciously off to look for an apparent reason. In explanation he pointed a great twirling finger at the ground after he had taken his three-point stance a week had some twisting up out of its hole right next to his knuckle.

Ten years ago, after the University of Tennessee's football field was covered with Thistle Turf, the U.T. football team had to have a dirt boy. One of its managers was designated to bring along a bucket of dirt for every home game because quarterback Bubba Wyche said he three times with a dry, dirty hand, and he seemed that he could do it. But

today may need grass and stepped-up security and lawyers, but it doesn't need dirt boys yet.

It was a big day of Dirty Al Gallagher, who played for the Giants and the Angels a few years back. "I really liked Montreal," he said once. "Montreal has some really dirty dirt. You can really get Elky. The dirt is dirt dirt." But he also liked the dirt in Anaheim Stadium, which was a mixture of red clay and brick dirt that was grained, sliding, right on just the

through your uniform the next day.

One *inspired* August afternoon in Yankee Stadium, I was watching a Yoda pitch Oakland to a good competitive 3-2 win. This was before it's owner, Charlie Finley took the five out of baseball for blue and before the designated-hitter rule took probate out of the offense game. Pitching, hitting and running with a sell on the pitched dirt, Blue had worked up a wholehearted vendetta. He had got so juicy by the eighth inning that he had torn them in a big cloud of dirt and came up with his back covered with mud.

Bat players can't be afraid of getting a white dirt under their fingernails. And there are at least two other ways in which baseball is the farming.

One: Baseball's grass-roots popularity had found racial importance, major league wide, have historically been greatest in rural areas, where open space and long not to say vegetative, summer hours are most plentiful.

Two: Baseball balls in the spring, late season and opens all summer and pitch to harvest in the fall.

It is worth noting that even with the disappearance of baseball, all the elemental elements of baseball—ball, bat, glove, run, hit and pitcher—were biodegradable. If you go to a game where the ball is being used in its life is a sapling. The glove is kept supple by application of one's feet oil, which is rendered from the feet and shoulders of cattle.

Ground, 100-meter base had a great effect on the game. Mud made out a batter's surface, puts a greater pressure on baserunning and helps to improve batting averages. It also cuts down on the individuality of grounders. I remember sitting to former Sports Illustrated writer and six-time baseball second baseman Mark Karp about ground balls late one night in a Chinese bar. One featured trackman grass-cutting lamp-lighting, trackmen

Roy Blount Jr. writes regularly on sports for this magazine.

Photograph by John White

"...there's no better way
to go motoring
and pedaling too."

Auto Editor, Popular Mechanics

The Auto Editor of Popular Mechanics Magazine evaluated the Biking as an alternative to mopeds, and his choice was the Biking! He gave it a top rating. (See "77" was based solely on quality design and performance. Price was never a consideration since enough moped riders had died since 1977 (Complete reports and full test results are available for \$175).

The BikingBug engine and front-wheel drive and both in tandem to the front tank of any bike from 10 speeds to adult moped. It runs up to 24 mph, gets 215 mpg, operates quietly, starts automatically, has a One-Touch Warning, and allows normal pedaling, even with the engine running.

For superior all-around performance regardless of price, it's the BikingBug. And Popular Mechanics agrees.

AquaBug International, Inc.

Dept 1, 611, 100 Merrick Rd., Rockville Centre, N.Y. 11570 • (516) 536-8217

Name _____ Phone Rush Me ☐ Free Brochure
Address _____ ☐ BikingBug \$175 plus \$10 Shipping Costs
City _____ ☐ MASTER CHARGE ☐ VISA
State _____ Zip _____ Exp _____
CV# _____ ☐ Check ☐ Cash ☐ Credit Card



The
BikeBug

MOVING? WE CAN HELP.

If you are moving soon, please fill in coupon below and mail it to:
Esquire Subscriber Service, P.O. Box 2864, Boulder, Co. 80502.
To change address for new or your subscription attach address
label from a current issue. If no address label is available, write in
OLD address (please print).

OLD ADDRESS Fill in Old Address below.

NAME _____
ADDRESS _____ APT # _____
CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

NEW ADDRESS Fill in New Address below.

NAME _____
ADDRESS _____ APT # _____
CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

Please ☐ enter ☐ renew my subscription for:
☐ 1 year - 36 issues for \$15.95 ☐ 361 \$5. ☐ Payment Enclosed
Rate applies only in U.S. & its possessions. Please allow 4-6 weeks for delivery.

ESQUIRE
MAGAZINE

some what drove him out of professional ball, he said. He spoke gruffly: "I can still see some of the is coming toward me. Like certain snakes." On constant turf, granders become more like rocks and less like snakes.

Illustrations: Anecdotes and Seattle's Knappe, terrible places to watch a ball game because there is no sky, have artificial elements. But it seems far less certain today than it did a few years ago that in baseball's problems elements are the work of the future. Six different teams have appeared in the past six World Series, and only one of them, Cincinnati, had a baseball home turf. When Bill Veech took over the White Sox a couple of years ago, he pulled out the artificial infield, where championship clashed with the center of the outfield grass, and supplanted it with real grass and loam.

A person can make an impression on a day. Dick Allen, who said about Anecdotes: "If horses won't eat it, I don't want to play on it," also once expressed himself, and drew Commissioner Bowie Kuhn's wrath, by writing code: not very, but, with again and with a large team in the base path, not with his feet as he played first base for the Phillies. An other name Country Components was playing for Oakland—he wrote a whole narrative in the dirt. It was in Seattle, in a corner field, he wrote the new defense line even there ungrateful. Philo Components led off a day game by hitting a little squiggle down the third-base line. As several Philo watched a squiggle, it helps it would squiggle Red, Components reached first and headed for second.

A hard-line squiggle!
No. The Philo third baseman snatched it up just before it exhausted out of and pegged it to first. Components made a frantic circle and then the throw back.

And then the whole play lay in several in the fresh infield dirt: the first baseman's footprints coming straight to the bag and Components describing three hundred way degrees and ending in still scattered dust. Like the figures from the dirt, a first drive into a running pool—except that these prints persisted, less and less distinctly in the company of others, until the whole play was dragged smooth by the grounds crew after the top of the fourth.

On: Remember how it felt so a led when, after following about such a thing for years, you actually made a full-length drive into a field, they drive, and you get up and shed dirt from your glove and throw the ball with a puff of dust and shook the dirt off your entire person and found your cap and (waving) it against your leg to get the dirt off it and maybe there was even a little dirt in your shoes you had to shake out and you turned all over yourself a certain richly married person, and the other was willing to be really horrified and watched every, "Okay, Mr. Hut Hut, play ball!"

POUR IT WITH ARROGANCE.



Benchmark. The Arrogance of Excellence.



Satchel Paige of the Piano

Professor Longhair must be heard — but at the moment he can't be

Boogie down? Boogie tonight? I'm your boogie man! The south-ark slang for the sex act is the latest catchword of the record business. Yet, with all the talk about boogie, you still can't hear the closest rendition of the act: the boogie woogie. The pulsing of all black musical idioms, the ultimate expression of the ecstatic, (boogie) was in American culture, the boogie woogie has been neglected so long that most people today don't know what it sounds like.

After World War II all the rhythmic ethnic, eclectically high-stepping styles of American music were driven underground by the advent of the New Sound: rock and roll. The boogie purged down the drain (it finally looked in that lost stronghold of segregated hoodlums and high times in America: New Orleans). There the music found an extraordinary proponent, a natural genius named Prof. Satchel Longhair, who continued to rehabilitate it. By transferring the boogie bass into an arpeggiated, syncopated samba rhythm while impressing in the right hand the traditional train beat, the Professor created the most densely intoxicating rhythmic cocktail ever brewed. The music that was given to this happy man on a day when everybody drank rum and Coke was the rum-boogie.

Once the great old locomotive chug of the boogie bass had been exchanged for a top-shifting arpeggiated, the right hand, responding to this change in musical climate, began to reply with a whole new style of finger painting. Instead of the casual vision of the wheel-and-axle wheel, the rum boogie offered an endless series of whoops and waves, kaleidoscopically shaping and dissolving like a musical light show. This ecstatic enthralling music soon inspired a whole new school of performers, led by the legendary Little

Richard and including, eventually, Elton Presley and Patto Domino, who introduced a commercial version of the new style called rhythm and blues or, in its later, white-oriented form, rock and roll. Hence, it was that drum the Professor's flaming test tube sprang the Postmodernist monster that has dominated pop culture around the world for the past thirty years.

What rewards did this monstrous discovery earn its maker? What did he get for giving Elton his Blue Suede Shoes "vibe"? Little Richard his boogie "vibe"? Patto Domino his rumbling ballad? Dr. John his sticky, spooky, off-the-wall "boogie"? Why, the usual poverty, hardscrabble and indifference that our great country has traditionally bestowed upon its black musical geniuses. When I first heard about Professor Longhair, the great musician had been reduced to earning his bread by sweeping out a record store. Then, one electrifying night in New York, I caught the Professor's act, having noticed, purely by chance, his name written on a prominent window placard.

A weary, wary old dude, draped like a dried-out but slippery cat in a faded, striped suit, he sat straight-backed in the street cat's straight-backed seat, patched with brightly embroidered cushions, he tapped assiduously to the piano with the aid of a cane, cool, a connoisseur, one-shaded glasses at the virtually empty house and kicked off with a whooping chorused Mashed-Groceries. His bent was so infectious, his occupation so startling, his execution so masterfully accurate and his spirit so unabashed to pursue joy and policy that he practically levitated me from my laptop seat.

Then he went to singing his own tunes, careening in a distinctive African-American vocal style broken with ancient southern field hollers, or skanking for a couple of choruses, like a tropical bird. The man was a one-man band! What's

more, he was a marvelous entertainer. As he warmed to his audience, he sang a lot of low-down barnhouse tunes with double entendres that he would then clarify by demonstrating with his incredible keyboard. English, exactly what his "boogie" would have if she didn't keep her front! "action."

By the end of the night, I had named Mr. Pato's contemporary and archetype the endless variety of Postmodern, funk, change ups, drops, sheets, curves and knuckle-balls made him the Satchel Paige of the piano. Like the legendary pitcher, he was the type of the witch doctor or vampire man, fully in command of the world that still practices his tricks, spells, diseases and black arts. As far as his appearance in this age of inspired but moribund musicians, he looked before me like an apparition blown back from some burgundy red horizon in Maryland.

Today, Mr. Pato is playing an integrated whodunnit better than ever before in his long and weary career. With his customary bad luck, however, all new recordings are being held prisoner without bail by the Grand Choir of the megabuck music-entertainment giant — Albert Grossman, manager of Paul Butterfield and many other young white exponents of the black blues-piano. Grossman won't release the new recordings (probably because they don't have top-fifty potential) and he won't surrender the tapes to any other producer. Hence we arrive at the outrageous conclusion that the most brilliant rock-and-roll musician of all time, the man who created and inspired much of the rock era, is not currently represented in the record catalog by even a single lousy forty-five (p.s., *August*).

So instead of consulting his column by clipping my hands for joy, I must go to singing the blues, crying, "Please, please, please, won't somebody set a good man free?" **AG**

Last Saturday, he planned on playing 18 holes of golf. But, something more important came up. A diamond is for him.

To give you an idea of diamond values, the piece shown is available for about \$10,000. Your jeweler can show you other fine diamond jewelry starting at about \$200. DeBeers.

Give your drinks every advantage.

Make a Mist with Seagram's 7 and give it the advantage of great taste and consistent quality. Just pour 2 oz. over crushed ice and garnish with a twist of lemon.

Seagram's 7 Crown
Where quality drinks begin.



SEAGRAM BOTTLED BY J. & J. SEAGRAM, NEW YORK, N.Y.
© 1979 SEAGRAM

ESQUIRE

When the Boss Is a Woman

BY MARYLIN BENDER

Men who work for women have a problem. They don't see the boss as a leader but as mother, wife, sweetheart or buddy

SOME: The bar at The New York Athletic Club. Five vice-presidents and two lesser executives of a paper-pulp company are showing their consternation at the news they have just heard—that a thirty-year-old woman has been named their president. They take a vote on those corners of action, pause in agitation, pursue assistance or full cooperation. "We could never work for a woman," they agree.

Scene: The conference room at an airline headquarters as a team from an advertising agency pitches for the account. The president of the agency is making the presentation, but the chairman of the agency keeps interrupting. Flushing his nose and rubbing her chattering teeth. "Does she ever let him speak for himself?" an airline executive whispers to a vice-president of the agency.

Scene: A middle-aged television producer is going over the next day's schedule with a young production supervisor. She tells him to order hard microphones so that the host of the panel show can draw comments from the audience. "You push me around just like my mother," he retorts. The next day, the hard mikes are missing and the pro-

ducer supervisor reports late for work.

Scene: A district office of a major computer manufacturer in the Boston area. The district manager is talking, a field engineer that the latest unit he is working is inappropriate for his job of calling on customers with equipment problems. "When my boss wants it, I'll wear a hat," he replies in a sly tone. The next morning, the district manager appears with a bow tie at the residence of her boss.

Scene: Two men in their early forties, senior vice-presidents of a printing company, are strolling back from lunch. As they approach their office building, one glances up at the posthouse executive suite of the fifty-seven-year-old chair man. "I'd be like a having hot snailfish in the rear," he says with a tight smile.

Senior, scenes. There are actual scenes (some barely camouflaged to protect sensitive positions) from the organizational battlefield, where, nowadays, some of the officers happen to be female and some of the male soldiers are having difficulty adjusting to taking orders from them. Part of the problem may be a failure of recognition as when the man perceives the woman not as his leader but as his mother, his wife, his sweetheart who refused to become his mistress, or some other threatening figure in his life.

This is not to suggest that women have to be the norm of the integrated organiza-

tion. There are women who command loyal, contented troops composed of both sexes, and there are men who say they wouldn't drink their boss about following a woman leader. "I has never been a problem for me, either working for a woman or having women work for me," says Ted Newman, vice-president for personnel and labor relations at Macy's, New York.

Since 1963, in a series of increasingly important jobs, he has been reporting to G. G. Nicholson, now senior vice-president for personnel and labor relations and a pioneer woman member of several corporate boards of directors (Quaker Oats, General Electric, Harper & Row, Chubb Corporation and the Federal Reserve Bank of New York).

"There are many men who really have hang-ups socially and at work," says Newman. "Some men feel threatened. They are not sure about their masculinity or the projection of their masculinity. When they feel threatened, they respond accordingly. I think I feel secure. I don't feel I have to project an image."

Women executives inevitably refer to what Newman is talking about as "busted ego." Though they sometimes resent the extra burden it places on them, they usually express understanding of, if not sympathy with, this relatively new male plight.

"In the occupations that give meaning to a man's life, his sense of mastery is

Marylin Bender is a contributing editor of *Esquire*. Her latest book, *At the Top*, deals with men in business.

Most women bosses respect the fine line separating harmless flirtation and a real affair.

Stutz countered, "You don't have to bring your personal troubles to work—and the meeting dissolved in bursts of laughter." Importantly, my wife, Frances, said cheerfully.

The another couple in business has an even distinction: "It's a shortcut with lots of traps," Anne Jordan of the Simmons College Graduate Program in Management cautions fully. "She may evoke the good mother, but chances are she will evoke the punitive one. And then he will say, 'I never did anything so much as tell me to do.'"

Madeira Amgett is a producer at WNBC-TV, had a production supervisor removed from one of her shows for precisely that reason. He flattered and innocently revealed her secrets and told her, "You push me around just like my mother."

Amgett is one of many women executives who sleep strongly in favor of the inside of motherhood draped on their shoulders at work. "I don't want to be anyone's mother in the office," says Annika who is the mother of six kids in three towns and homes. "I don't want to treat people as my children but so my equals or my inferiors," she explains.

The fear of her rage, his unavailability.

One of the big fears voiced in the background is the heavily prevalent fear of dealing with a woman perceived to be the angry bitch. Says Patricia, head of Productivity Organization Development. He has had long experience in training male managers, from Eppendorf's to congressmen, and is also coauthor of *Workmanagement*, a process for training women managers for the American Telecommunications Development Company. "If a man is unresponsive and I work it out with Mother, he can't work it out with the angry bitch," she adds.

The reaction of the abusive woman leader who explosively goes next to her anger has been most strikingly evident in the public sector of late, as in the three consecutive defeats at the polls of former congresswoman Bella Abzug of New York City. Some of the most virile of President Carter's female appointments to top government jobs, have offended the White House and the federal bureaucracy with their personal hatreds of disorganized bureaucracies. Patricia Har-



The best at home is business that leads to serious problems.

renew and when she fires him. Women managers generally concede that men accept criticism more passively than women employees. "Women react personally and say you don't like them as individuals," Kirkman asserts.

Nevertheless, women managers mention that it takes a great deal of preparation as their goal is to establish the faith of a man's feelings and behavior. His desire to improve when they are conducting his performance review, or to terminate his competence after he fails to respond to criticism. Above all, women have to get their own feelings under control so that they do not project them as emotional hints.

Billy Henry recalls the first time she fired a man. It was while she was a manager with Honeywell Bell in France. "I had a good guy in the ladies' room, grand guy, brash and went out and fired the poor guy. It was a logical decision, though."

Henry observes that on a few occasions when she has criticized the performance of field engineers, her critiques were taken as extremely harsh, and I was told I was being somewhat hard-nosed."

What she showed her reports to a third person, Kirkman says told her. "They were not more difficult than anyone else's—it was simply that they were coming from me."

Dorothy R. Green, vice president and general manager of Morgan Books, women friends will label by male executives. "I fire at noon on Friday and have them clear out at five p.m.," she says. "One man called me a bitch. I said, 'You'd better keep a civil tongue to your head and not let your words slip your client.' That's a man's secretary to stand guard to make sure he didn't deliver any remarks to me as he left."

Some men react by "trying to play on a woman's emotional sensitivity," Sharon Kirkman points out. Morgan payments have to be met. They have women who are alcoholic or who are pregnant. She recalls once leaving the room for five minutes after firing a man to fetch coffee for him while he regained his composure. On another occasion, Kirkman reminded a man, "I didn't get your wife pregnant; and you will still lose your job on the basis of your unacceptable performance."

How does a man who never before worked for a woman boss behave with one?

Can he act with her as he always has with men in the office, or must he start from scratch the manner he always dealt with women? Must he give up his pipe and cigar and have two sets of language? What does the man whose usual play is to equivocate learn if with a boss he has to be in a hurry with a gurgled lullaby to which he has been a witness?

Some men feel totally inadequate in dealing with a woman who is a boss," says Margaret Heffling. "A man once said to me, 'I was brought up to open doors for women, to have women dependent on me. I may have wanted to laugh, but to have a woman as my boss, a source of authority, it's not biology it's just inadequacy.'"

When John Ulman, now a vice-president of Wells Fargo Bank, was president of the Specialty Pattern Company, a male sales executive regularly greeted him with "Here is our beautiful president. Finally, she said to me, 'Thank it off and to bring up the business of the day thoroughly.'"

Through many women executives maintain that there is no place for equity in business, others agree with less fervor. It is a sign of first-classness, they hold, relationships. Says Ann Bark, a stake manager of WNBC-TV, "It's unusual to have a little electricity to be playful. It doesn't have to have a great undercurrent." And if superior individuals or gets too playful, it's a hands-off just as would outside the office as a social situation, Bark says confidently.

The blend and gray-eyed Bark is one of the outstanding types of female executive whom many men find both accepting and somewhat startling. The attitudes of the women boss in the field stand with the broad shoulders to whom women like the thirty-year-old Bark, sooner or later learn, disarming the character Ronald Russell played in the movies, the current breed is automatically furnished a competence extremely self-assured and unobtrusive.

Most of these women stress the final line, but experience brings them and a real social encounter, and they declare their aversion to the latter. "It is an absolute mistake to let this invade or

Rejection of the abrasive woman leader was evident in the recent defeats of Bella Abzug.



Not always a child, some women executives are for their clients.

business," says Kathryn C. Feigoff, thirty-one, director of finance at Philip Morris Inc. "This is the third managerial position—all with men reporting to her—that she has held in the past six years. 'I guess you find it love and just can't help it, that's one thing. But the casual, friendly other? Never,' says Feigoff. 'While it's going on, it creates such strains and tensions. The issue of women in management is in such a precarious state now, and that's what the traditional male manager is looking for.'"

Sally Hanbury of Hanbury's Interiors, "Many men don't know how to have an unusual relationship with women. A member of them have made passes at me because they thought I expected it. They haven't learned there is such a thing as a platonic relationship."

There is always that undercurrent of "Does she or doesn't she?" Feigoff observes. And Bark says bluntly, "When a relatively attractive woman gets somewhere, someone always says that's deep with us and so. It's unsettling."

But there is no denying the real question of power. For many men, the only way to deal with the power of a woman is

with a wide view of her choice," says a man who once worked for one of the most powerful women in the United States. "When they get angry, they resort to thinking that the only way a man can control a woman is to beat her. They also think that only in bed can they take from her the source of this power."

He confesses that he had tensioned on the brink of a romantic relationship with that powerful woman. It was the first time in his life that he feared himself actually attracted to someone fifteen years older than he. But then he drew back, not because of her age. After all, the older-woman/younger man situation was the norm of European manners and literature, but in America today, it was a by-product of women's liberation. If the male leader with the slackening woman and the knowing harp has been perceived as stronger women half his age, why should it be the privilege he extended to the female executive, especially when her mobility in a sex aspect can be affected by all the female and economic odds she can afford to buy?

I found myself missing one day. What would it be like to be the chairman's lover? The man remained. And I said to myself, "I'm sorry."

When the boss is a black woman, other overtones develop. "Sexual overtones," says Charles Johnson, a consultant to Boyle-Kirkman Associates and formerly a manager of corporate affirmative action and human resources at Philip Morris. Johnson, who is black, is speaking of the overtones of the white male reporting to a black female. He doesn't use the image other man, wife or sister, as the world of the white man has been. He talks of the boy-boy bond between him and the black of all these stereotypes of black sexual power. Some will joke about it, but everyone knows it's there. Johnson says. She suspects she received more propositions than white women in the company and says that her aloofness earned her the nickname The Iron Maiden.

The black woman in the white organization seems to have enlarged the burden black male managers used to complain all—the male boss's male boss.

"That's over for the black male. It started out to be an overblown myth," says Richard Clarke, head of his own

Men fear that a woman won't get them raises, won't get promoted and pull them up with her.

ensitive stretch from her emotions. "As far as corresponding thing with the black woman, it has to be more fluid than that because there is no logical social territory from which the white woman would not make the approach. The black female manager leaves work and goes home to a restricted world, to Queens or elsewhere in the black world. When she divides and there are both black, the 'trust gap' is narrowed, according to Harvey Coleman, director of diversity consulting and management development for Bayly Kirkman. He formerly held managerial positions in sales and personnel at IBM and at Xerox.

"Because the black female manager identifies more with her blackness than with her whiteness," Coleman says, "she may give the black male additional feedback on his performance, and he may play a much stronger supporting role for her than if he were white."

In any case, the picture changes somewhat if the woman lives in married. Explaining why Jane Evans never treated in a sex object when she was in the offices of the vice-presidents and



The first at a company meeting, both the chairwoman and chief executive.

I got why because I don't want," Newman's boss, Michael, explains. "Some of the younger women do resent when they get angry, and I suspect they will have fewer fans."

I was met, too, and it's nothing to be concerned about," says Ann Bark of WNRIC. Besides, seniority is the most important part of the manager's function. If you substitute those feelings you can't be that effective. If women can bring any thing positive to business, if they can be the showing of contrast, it's all right to cry. Or to yell. We're not in the Marine Corps.

Organizational behavioralists point to the dread men have of the woman who actually is a tough male boss—possibly the only kind the over had to evade. "When they move into the managerial ranks some women think they have to act like men," says Dr. Harry Levinson, the management psychologist. They get into trouble if they believe that displaying their "female" side, the more caring aspects of their personality, means they are weak. They become unusually hard.

"Toughness" is one of the most loaded words in the management lexicon. Man carries toughness, the most essential quality of an executive. Women are ambivalent about possessing this attribute, possibly because it is often associated with a male portion of the anatomy. "You've got balls," a man will say to a woman boss, and she usually would be happier about toughness if it were identified with another part of the body, such as the spine.

It's not surprising, then, that one of the more successful management styles is exercised by women bosses like Jane Evans and Marcus Krieger Schneider, a producer/director for WNRIC-TV, who consider themselves "more or less one of the boys." Despite a difference in age—Evans has been a bestselling productivity while Schneider a woman who grew up with stereotypes—both were accustomed manual labor. Evans has been called Mother Jane, and Schneider phrases her orders in the camera crew's

Do it for Mother. Not both women want the very thing that they are trying to get away from: the very things they are trying to get away from. They are not the same as the men they are trying to get away from.

When this kind of woman boss is really playing, this, is the role of the female boss. As one of the practitioners of the style, Dorothy Croach of Wiener Books explains, "I always had two younger brothers, whom I was left to help. If I never occurred to me that I could cast criticism, and some of that carried over to business."

Croach, who is thirty-seven and who runs her office in Rockefeller Center on a Honda 354 cc motorcycle, adds it is not just the male boss, it is the male boss of having always played with boys as a child. Finally with male language, Croach and other female boss is to be less, has always been left in a line with older male boss.

"We didn't have to watch our language with Jane," says vice-president at Butters who was so won over by Evans that he served as a reference when she was negotiating for her present job at Pageflex.

The woman's lack of class is the organization's best friend.

Obviously, the fear never about with managers, such as Mary Lewis, Lewis, chairman of Wells, Rich, Greene, or with women who have internal control of an organization, such as Katherine Graham, chairman of the Washington Post Company. It is a fear applicable to women executives who work for men, their way up in an organization or were recruited from another in professional managers.

"One myth about the underutilized woman is that men say she is not going to be well integrated into the organization," says Peter Meyer, executive vice-president of Handy Associates, an executive search and compensation consulting firm.

"They fear she's less likely to be promoted, less likely to stick her neck out for them, get moves for them. They are reluctant to work for her because they feel their opportunities to move will be less. They say the odds are against her growing up to be president of these companies, neither chance will not be good."

Of all the fears, this is probably the one most based in reality, and it has ramifications just far to reach industry.

Alice H. Morris, director of the Individual Development Center in Seattle, was the male-management seminar for the National Association of Black Women. She reports that the men are skeptical about women boss, not recognizing in the contemporary, realistic, that affects their ability to attract high-level managers. Morris says she has found that "women are not seen as having the kind of sophisticated experience."

The worst thing is when a woman with no skill or experience is made a boss to fill a quota.

Keith Smith is president of the N.A.A.W. and executive vice-president and director of the Tower State Bank of Kansas City, Kansas, a bank she started thirteen years ago with two male colleagues from a larger bank. Tower State Bank now has assets of \$1.5 billion. "In the early days, we had men customers who, out of habit, when the receptionist would say, 'Mrs. Smith will see you about your loan, would serve. I would rather deal with Mr. Smith. So I would go out and say, 'Mrs. Smith is not up for her while I can help you. Would you go out and not wait?' I think I always made the grade."

The black woman manager has even less credibility as a manager than her white counterpart. "Her presence is more strongly scrutinized," says Harvey Coleman of Bayly Kirkman. Because the black woman is less socially integrated she is excluded from the informal-gathering sessions of the organization. "It's harder for her to get the information to make adequate decisions," says Coleman, who is black.

A woman boss won't tolerate.

Whether this is a stereotypical fear can be argued both ways. Take the consumer-product company in the \$100 million class that has a woman president with a reputation for being a "hands-on boss," like some of the female boss. It had to be so served out of the chairman's seat after he had passed retirement age and who had extended his tenure over every phase of the business, including glossing the office curtain, for forty years.

One of the habits that management gurus for women managers try to break is the do-it-all yourself syndrome. "Women are task oriented," says George Prohaska, co-chairman with Martha McKay of the Management Group for A.T.A.T. "This was to do everything a curmudgeon, so well, in fact, they often do it all themselves. In fact, they do not manage. The new art they have to learn is not to do everything themselves."

Most of the fears mentioned here can be dispelled by careful selection and preparation of women bosses by employers. The very worst circumstance in which a woman is placed in a managerial position over men, Dr. Harry Levinson says, occurs when she has not had much managerial experience, little confidence, is not supported by the corporate power structure, but was put in the job to fill a quota for the federal legal employee's Opportunity Commission.

Managerial defect is that most women have not been schooled in organizational power politics or in the power play to

get ahead or simply to protect their soft corners. George Prohaska recounts he has attended a meeting with a group of ten men and one woman. "I was impressed by their enormous aggressiveness," he says. "I realized that the men were not looking to make a deal with me, but they were not fighting each other. It was a ritual dance."

Prohaska has been testing the hypothesis that what goes on in office meetings—the soft women do not attend to the aggressive managers—is a power dance in which men make ritualistic notes of aggression. Here they were threatening the woman, whom they feared because they believed she had the men of those higher up in the organization. Aggressive language was the weapon they used, but other men have threatened silence or anger to achieve the same threatening effect.

Presumably, if women attend enough meetings, they will learn to fit in to the rhythms of the power dance. But there are other techniques that they should acquire for the unfamiliar role of being a boss.

A woman boss has to have a tremendous amount of sensitivity to the fact that she is in power and the man is not, says Katherine of Bayly Kirkman. "She must relate to her level of masculinity." She offers these guidelines for the novice boss:

1. You don't have to play the power game with men every time. You are not asked to be a desk every time you talk to him? If so, come out from behind the desk once in a while.

2. Don't ever reprimand him in public. Go into your office and close the door when you have your discussion with him. But he sees.

3. Avoid scenes by anticipating situations. Don't let him give a presentation that may be so bad in the middle that you have to rescue him. Preview the presentation. Otherwise, he may make a fool of both of you.

4. Don't be defensive about being a manager. If he says in a way that is not productive, call him in and ask why he does it that way. Is the language he uses offensive? Don't tell him it is personally offensive to you, but that it is behavior that will not be rewarded.

5. Don't set up a comparison with your male employees in which they are forced to try to show you that women are not superior. Don't let anything become an issue of his manhood versus your womanhood. His problem is not that he is not directly. This is a performance problem, a money problem, a managerial problem. Don't ever let it be a woman's problem. —



Tom Snyder: TV's Child Faces The Future

BY MARY MURPHY

Whatever it holds,
the man has a unique
ability to zap
right through the
video tube

It is night. He is in the mood for a fight. Already he has grabbed his producer's crutches, smothered his co-host, fired a volley of commands at cameramen and demanded changes in the script. He leaves the set of the special he is taping and roams the corridors of NBC, haunted by tense questions or desperate promises. Should he replace John Chancellor? Should he wait for Carson to retire? Should he hold out for a prime-time talk show? Or should he expand the parameters of his own unique variety from *Saturday Night* to *Sunday*? He is like a gambler, but in a deadly game—he wants it all—and so this night he is searching, in

Mary Murphy is an *Esquire* review editor based in California.

Left: All signs are up for Tom Snyder as he ponders his future in his NBC office. Photograph by Anthony Trapani.



It's here now. The new Toyota Celica. The first Toyota for the 80's. A car which meets or exceeds all 1980 Federal fuel economy and safety standards. The latest in Toyota engineering advancements and wind tunnel test refinements have produced an aerodynamic work of art. The smart money will be on this smart-looking car.

A beautiful, fine machine. The Celica GT Liftback's aerodynamic design has contributed to increased interior room (4" at the shoulder), reduced interior noise, increased stability, acceleration and efficiency. The cockpit instrumentation is a beautiful example of functional engineering. Add to these refinements MacPherson strut front suspension, power assisted front disc brakes, steel belted radials, and you have the Celica's handling formula.

Performance that's more than pretty good. A 2.2 liter overhead cam power plant coupled to a 5-speed overdrive

transmission delivers Grand Touring driving excitement and Toyota economy. In EPA tests the Celica GT Liftback was rated at 34 highway/20 city. These EPA ratings are estimates. Your mileage will vary depending on your driving habits and your car's condition and equipment. California ratings will be lower.



The beauty is value. The 1978 Celica GT Liftback delivers traditional Toyota dependability and value. Reclining bucket seats with newly designed adjustable driver's seat lumbar support and AM/FM Stereo are standard. The Liftback features a rear hatch which opens to a fold down, split rear seat. The GT Liftback options include power steering, automatic transmission, and something no other Toyota has—the feeling of the wind in your hair from the optional sun roof (available Jan. 1978). The 1978 Celica. Comes in two other models as well—the GT and GT Sport Coupes. Dynamically practical cars for the 80's at your dealer today.

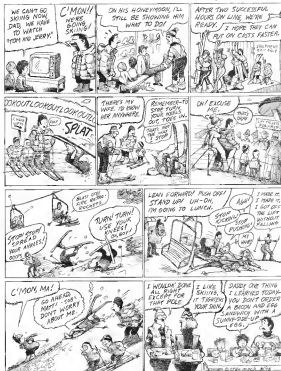


YOU
GOT
IT.

TOYOTA



Scenes from Real Life: On the Ski Slope*



Cuban Cigars For American Tastes

BY HENRI GAULT AND CHRISTIAN MILLAU

Perfectionists insist on the puros and master the rites of cigar manship



unisoni - Where did Lenin go to buy his cigars?

Answer: To Davidoff's in Geneva. Where else?

Zino Davidoff vividly remembers Lenin as a bald little man with emaciated face and piercing eyes who, with many other Russian exiles, paid regular visits to Davidoff's father's little shop to buy Cuban cigars—for which he never settled up. Davidoff still has the order book in which stamped next to the name Vladimir Ulyanov there is the entry "Ugored." All the same, Davidoff hasn't yet dared to ask his supplier, Fidel Castro, whom he visits every year, to use Lenin's date in the name of saccharine cigarettes.

Admittedly, were those days, the expected camaraderie between Marjorie, Cuba and the cigar—their symbol of expatriate camaraderie—hadn't Zino Davidoff's millionaire. With the hard-faced old man no longer far now below the canopy of this modest little shop, which is patronized, year in and year out, by some of the greatest names in the world, is the fulfillment of his dreams: the return of the Jews to the United States. Americans are now bringing Havana cigars back from Cuba for their personal use. It is still illegal to bring them in from anywhere else or to sell or buy them in the States. And that changes, maybe it will go to Davidoff's head to such an extent that he will give away the second box of five machines to his son, General Chaim.

The name Davidoff has become synonymous with good cigars to such an extent that practically everyone believes that the great Swiss cigar merchant manufactures his own. Only the initiated will note that Davidoff cigars bear a striking resemblance to certain first Cuban brands and suggest that all Davidoff does is stick his own name on them and take in reflected glory as his press across his country. Thus, millions of cigars would have it that the Chiffres Lagers is quite other than the Montecristo No. 3, the Chateau Margaux, the Montecristo No. 4, the Davidoff No. 1, the Montecristo Especial, the Gaudin No. 1, the Montecristo Especial No. 3, the Chateau Margaux, the Montecristo No. 3, and the Chateau Yquem, our old friend the Hays de Montseny. Confused? Not there is a substance made of

cantly by one of the leading cigar merchants in Paris made a box of Davidoff No. 2 as he found a subtle marker of endorsement marked "Montecristo" that had, subsequently, been overlooked by the smoker.

Actually, Darridoff doesn't deny that he has long ears made in Cuba, but he swears by all the gods that special boards and blends are produced for him. It is quite possible. In any case, it would be difficult to disagree. Darridoff and Casado know how to keep a family secret.

But that is it, may, from the *Baron*, Elie de Kethbelle, who orders two thousand Château Lafite a year to the grandest Anter Rabinovich, who prefers Chateau Margaux, the greatest great smokers in the world buy anything that bears Rabinovich's famous white and red label. Hence the French government in 1988, after a long and haggling with the French government on France, tobacco is a state monopoly and endless representatives in to Georges Pompidou and then to Valéry Giscard d'Estaing. Davidoff was at last admitted into the French market, experts prophesied disasters for his latest branch, the Don Perignon, priced at a horrendous eight dollars apiece. However, by the end of a week, inventories were empty, and the French government in Le Cayre, the top tier cigar merchants in Paris, the leading top grower by the hour.

One can understand Davidson's desire to get into the American market, with its vast potential, but not be swayed if concerning America's. There are steps. Since the embargo on trade with Cuba, American cigar smokers have changed their habits. The big Cuban producers, making light from Havana, stand their best customers to leave with them and swivel west in Florida, Virginia, the Canary Islands and Jamaica. But without a single family member in the United States, how can they be accepted by the big American smokers? The answer is, without saying that a Cuban producer will not go unchallenged here and that many smokers will swear that their current cigars are at least as good as those that come from Cuba. When in common sense is true. But for aficionados there is and will always be only one (Continued on page 10)

Send me a
Free Directory
and Don't Pay
more than \$5

An Authoritative Guide to Havana Cigars

On the next four pages, the authors reveal their choices (with among the many brands of Harajane available). Within each brand, they pick their favorite shapes and sizes. So, for example, in General's list, the

Gail & Mike are writers and publishers of author source guides to France, Belgium and Switzerland.

Photocopying by **Patrick J. Jacob**

MARCH 26, 1978/ENGLAND 11

Montecristo



No. 1 For special occasions. Too long for daily use, though easy to smoke. Full aroma. \$7.65

No. 12 The great middle. Like all Montecristos, it is medium strength. A cut. \$2.75

No. 10 One of the best of the torpedo style. Stronger of the Montecristos. \$2.95

No. 16 Cigar shaped like "A" and No. 1. Mild, a great for after lunch. \$2.40

Chateau Davidoff



Yagrum Medium strength. Like all Chateau cigars, it is well balanced in flavor mixture. \$2.95

Lunett Express Like the Yagrum, but it is well balanced in flavor mixture. \$2.75

Best-Drink A short morning cigar. \$1.95. Lightening cigars with wine is a Davidoff treat.

Behar



Corona Gigante A beautifully made cigar is a long, exquisite smoke length. The price. \$3.30

Corona Grande Like the larger version, a medium strength smoke with a sweet taste. \$2.30

Behar More Taste that other cigars. Behar the torpedo shape makes stronger. \$2.60

Davidoff This small cigar is fairly light and most equally with morning coffee. \$1.40

Ramón Allones



1919 Davidoff has more cigars in the 1919 series of 6, 8, and 10. Medium strength. \$2.40

Magnon More aroma than the 1919. It is a bit of a character. \$2.80

Puro For occasions when a lighter smoke with somewhat less taste is desired. \$1.30

Roy del Mundo



Lombide. Like all cigars of the brand, probably lighter but with an excellent taste. \$1.45

Roy de Monterrey



Corona. The length is classic and the strength is medium. Good everyday. \$2.30

Rosero y Jabela



Chardill. One of the world's most popular. Good taste but relatively light. \$1.45

Punch



Double Corona. A great and subtle cigar. Full-bodied taste and aroma. A bold statement. \$3.50

Wynn



Sir Winston. Fairly light and with a medium aroma. This cigar is ideal. The price is \$4.15

Rafael Gonzales



Lombide. The brand brings the best taste. \$1.45

Sleep on the Sofa,

Out of the closet and into the living room—
here are eight new ways
to provide for more sleeping space

Okay, we'll admit it. For most men, the idea of having to live with a convertible bed is simply unappealing. It conjures up the nightmares of living in one room, of having one's den invaded by a not-too-fanciful relative. All true, but there isn't a man who at a certain point doesn't need to think about an extra bed. Convertibles do take up less room, and—as you can see, the latest ones can be very comfy to hang around the house. Beds that fold into couches have been known to Europe since the middle of the 19th-century century, but it was only in the past hundred years, when more people moved to small urban apartments, that new ways of adapting to smaller spaces were developed. Chairs that could swivel



Internal Machine

In *Gone With the Wind*, 1939, Joe E. Brown devised an ingenious method of taming his Murphy bed. Beds that simply folded away into closets, thereby trapping their victims, were a common comic device in early movies. These designers started improving the species.

Sit on the Bed

BY SUZANNE SLESIN



phase from cribs to adult beds appeared, and one could even buy a bed that spent its days proudly disguised as a grand piano. In 1959, the American inventor William L. Murphy first marketed the foldaway bed that bears his name. The *Cobra Convertible*, with the little girl trademark, made the sofa bed even more popular. Nevertheless, this hybrid piece of furniture was thought to be somewhat uncomfortable both as a sofa and as a bed. It was clearly not esteemed by the best designers. Now there are changes afoot. The new convertibles unfold, sit up, swivel and swing with style. On these pages we show you eight of them. We forecast that the imported designs are expansive and in some cases you'll have to take your architect or designer with you, because the showrooms where they are sold are "no the trade" only.

Deep and Cheerful

The steel frames are solid steel with a clear lacquer finish, and the upholstery is an all-occasion check on this plain and simple three-seater sofa named Woodstock. Just remove the two back pillows, throw a sheet on the mattress and jump into a single bed. If you like the look, a lone seat and armchair are also available. The sofa is \$249 at Conson's, New York.



All Aboard

Closed, *André* looks like an overstuffed sofa, unrolls the straps, pull the seat down, and it becomes a double bed. Included in the permanent collection of The Museum of Modern Art in New York, this canvas-covered piece was designed by Italian Alessandro Mendini for Giovenetti and Intra for \$2,975 at International Contemporary Furnishings Inc., New York, Chicago, Los Angeles and San Francisco.

*Through architects and designers.

Emergency bed
Huge, looks unfeeling but is really very simple. Designed by Alex and Tofia Scoria. This luxurious two-piece sofa must be separated and turned to take advantage of its depth as a king-size bed. Covered in leather, with quilted, double pillows so that during the day they can be used as a deep and long couch or as two separate chaises. Each one-arm unit has for \$3,267 from B.B. America/Scoria International • New York, Chicago and Los Angeles.



Emergency Gear

Sleeping bags are sometimes the only and best solution for overnight guests even if indoor circumstances don't require these military-shaped, down-filled incognito sleeping bags. Each of the bags has a double zipper so that two people can sleep separately or can zip the bags together and cuddle up. The blue bag, the Northwest, is \$175, the red one, the Limited Edition Squadron, is \$155, from the Paragon Sporting Goods Company, New York.



Doubleheader

Designed by Mario Bellini for Cassina, Coupé is a sleek sofa that's also a single bed with two suede-upholstered headboards. Like the chaise, as the mattress is a little narrower than the standard American single-bed size. The bed has for \$1,670 (mattress and pillows are extra) at Melier International Ltd. • Boston, Chicago, Dallas, New York and Los Angeles.



*Though intricate and elegant, bed cover sheets from Melier International (right) show that the bed is not just a bed.



Oriental Influence

The Japanese futon, a six-inch cotton mattress, folds up or can be rolled up for daytime storage and is to be used directly on the floor or placed on a platform at box spring at night. Encased in unbleached cotton fabric, the futon is reputedly good for back support. We show one in a standard double size (60x70), but with a Shima (P.O. Box 328, Boston, Mass. 02102) for a crisp, precise look and instructions on how to roll under the Futons.

Sleeping Along

The mechanism on the Sleeps sofa for two is fairly standard: the upholstery is not. Designed by Eric Born and Louis Graciot for Adler, the sofa has a cover that stretches to the sofa frame with an overcast zipper. To get one look, just unzip the cover, pull out the bed and use the "upholstery" as a quilt. From Bayleyn Ltd. • New York, Chicago and Los Angeles. The sofa has for \$2,150.



Classic Couch

By day it's a perfectly conservative English gentleman's chessboard sofa. By night, it converts to a full-size bed. The Stinson sofa bed, upholstered in natural leather, can also be ordered in about 150 fabrics. In leather, it retails for \$1,800 at Macy's, New York and San Francisco; Foley's, Houston; and Rich's, Atlanta.



Through architects and designers

Family Business

FICTION BY WARD JUST

You hate to sell a family business
because you know your past and your future
go along as part of the bargain

Dana drove over the rim of a hill and could see Denton's glow on the horizon. There was little traffic and she was driving easily. Her headlights bored a tunnel into the darkness, she was only vaguely conscious of woods, secondary roads, headlights and taillights slipping by. She was thinking of her father and how strange that she came home from New York for the weekend, and then she was thinking about her job. She had just finished work on a book the day before, and she realized how much she liked the sequence of publishing: from raw manuscript to galley and page proofs and finally the book itself. She knew the books she did were better for her editing, and she loved all of it, the editing and the publishing, because at the end of it there was a book, a book people would buy and read and if it were good enough would remain in a great library forever.

At a definite moment she knew she'd crossed the county line. The darkness softened and the land became familiar. Now, ten minutes from the city, she recognized the landmarks. A strip of light, a cornfield, a farmhouse. There were no lights at all now and she shot into the shadows in a white noise depression leading to Denton. The narrow highway cut through the pines and an occasional house. She knew the region but a rather hazy light hid it right in this remote spot.

Approaching Denton's a bookstore she slowed. Ten years ago you entered the city in darkness. Now it was bright as day with signs and flashing lights, businesses, a discount house, a liquor store between a gas station and a truck house, a drive-in movie and a motel and another stock house. It reminded her of a variety of Queens Boulevard and reminded her, she thought suddenly, it's a different night. Night has been changing. Night now is exactly like day. Ten years ago night was dark. Stores were closed and locked, and it would not have occurred to anyone to "come in." She supposed that before long stores would be open twenty-four hours; there would be no measure of the day when you "would not spend money if you had a mind to spend money." She

passed a billboard and laughed out loud: "THE NEWEST ARTS & CRAFTS MOVING-DELIVERY COUNTRY. This billboard was flaking at the edges and cracked between a hamburger stand and a toy store, the check poorly whitewashed and dense in the glare.

She viewed as she turned onto Little Street, to right from day. Here in the center of town it was dark except for the streetlights. The buildings, department stores and offices above the stores were as she remembered them. It was silent in the center. There were few cars and no pedestrians. As she drove slowly down Little Street she saw this there were a few vacant stores in each block. The cornfields and the farmhouse were not in. She thought it was like moving back ten years in time; things in the center were as they had been. She passed the bank and the largest department store and the hardware building. The glow from the streetlights cast queer shadows, the town seemed in her empty, a ghost town. There was no activity—no automobiles or people or glowing lights or sound. No, she thought, it was by no means a halfway there. It was a twentieth-century still town, the buildings undisturbed, false fronts concealing nothing. The store windows were filled with goods, but many of the windows were dirty and the goods seemed placed there almost as an afterthought. The silence was deafening.

Dana pulled into a parking place across from the newspaper building and sat in moment motionless, watching the deserted street. She shook her head and got out of the car and walked into the hardware store. The street door was not locked and she went quickly to the third floor.

She saw her father before he saw her. He was bent over some papers on his desk.

"Stop the press," she said.

"Dana!" Her father rose, smiling broadly, and came around his desk and embraced her. "How long have you been here?"

"I did," she said. "It's not that long a drive, and the place was a little early."

"Good," he said. "It's good to see you."

"It's nice to be home." She noticed the television set in the corner and remembered the debate, cursing herself that she'd not



Drawing: Dana was conscious of words and furnishings slipping by. The debate.

"You didn't hear it?" Nixon knew it. I'm afraid. How a sky high.

"Kennedy was good?" She tried to keep the enthusiasm from her voice.

"Terrible," her father said. "Just awful. But Nixon was worse. Nixon looked worse. I want to say he said but he said it and how he looked. Kennedy looked like a man, but maybe he was not."

"That bad?" She took off her coat and hung it on the rack.

"Worse," he said slowly. "Dad's worried over. And as you know, I'm a Republican."

"There have been rumors in that effect," she said with a smile.

"Do you want a little drink?" Dana nodded and he went to the liquor cabinet. "Some?" She nodded again. The liquor cabinet was a new addition to his office. It was a well-stocked cabinet with bottles and glasses and a set of glasses.

"You look wonderful. So grown up I can hardly believe it." He poured the drink.

"Well, what's up?"

She sat in the chair next to the television set, pulling off her fingers slowly, finger by finger. She glanced quickly toward the office. Nothing had changed in eighteen months. Some photographs on the walls, some newspapers, except for the liquor cabinet. She thought her father looked older. "Now has changed," she said, "since I was here last. It really has changed."

He nodded, he took to her. "Except for the new one, Denton's not a different."

Her father glanced, she could not tell whether in simple acknowledgment or disapproval. Then the telephone rang and he turned to answer it. She sat looking at the front page of the Jiving as the secretary's clerk. She hardly tried to move, though it was sent to her in New York. She read The Times now. The

newspaper two days later. It was amazing, the paper had not changed since her grandfather's day, its appearance replicated each day, an echo. The newspaper, one photograph above the fold (she could remember when there had been no photographs at all on page one), the big black line below the newspaper's masthead, THE NEW YORK TIMES, with the photograph of Richard Nixon shaking out of an automobile in the Loop, grinning and waving. There were no photographs of the Democrats. There were ten photos on one night of their loss, it was still a readers' newspaper. She liked the office. It was simply functional—the big wall in the corner, the heavy desk with the old Royal on a

reproducible stand set up. A water carafe and glasses rested on the table along the wall in back of the desk.

Her father put down the phone and dropped his hands together and fixed her. "So."

She nodded at the telephone. "Business?"

"Yes, I want to discuss it with you, but there are some serious problems. Or worse. These are important. One thousand people employed, half of them local. This town economy, it's more a list to us. Especially if your first Kennedy is elected President, which I devoutly hope he won't be."

"No Nixon really bad?"

"Awful," he said. "You know—it wouldn't surprise me if he fell. It wouldn't surprise me at all."

"But the J will support Nixon."

"Oh, sure," her father said. "More experienced. The other one's dangerous." She did not reply to that. "Well," he said suddenly. "They're both good men. I don't like Kennedy and don't trust him, but I suppose the country can survive him. Survived Truman, I suppose we can survive Kennedy."

"Don't let Grandfather hear you say that."

He laughed. "God no. For him, the son rose and set on the Republicans. But this change, you know, the truth is—he looked forward, turning his attention to the future." "I don't make the difference now that I did. We used to think that there was a Democrat in the cornfields here, the sky would fall. Well, there I can't have." The marks they're all able. Politicians. They've either got their head in the till or in your pocket, one or the other."

"You don't think Kennedy's different?"

"Hell, no," he said. "But tell me about you. You look—fine. What's new in New York? Where are you coming home? Your mother and I are thinking about going to New York the first of the year."

"Fine," she said.

"It's not settled yet."

"Did like it. You could see my apartment. Maybe we could all have dinner together."

He looked at her. "Your mother of course is very disturbed."

"Yes," she said.

"I'm not settled yet."

"Did like it. You could see my apartment. Maybe we could all have dinner together."

He looked at her. "Your mother of course is very disturbed."

"Yes," she said.

"I'm not settled yet."

"Did like it. You could see my apartment. Maybe we could all have dinner together."

He looked at her. "Your mother of course is very disturbed."

"Yes," she said.

"I'm not settled yet."

"Did like it. You could see my apartment. Maybe we could all have dinner together."

He looked at her. "Your mother of course is very disturbed."

"Yes," she said.

"I'm not settled yet."

"Did like it. You could see my apartment. Maybe we could all have dinner together."

He looked at her. "Your mother of course is very disturbed."

"Yes," she said.

"I'm not settled yet."

"Did like it. You could see my apartment. Maybe we could all have dinner together."

He looked at her. "Your mother of course is very disturbed."



She felt as if she were being asked to turn her life as it is to him.

It's not like other businesses—the board of directors doesn't matter, the stockholders don't matter. That's the way Dad and I set it up. I've got half a dozen friends, their sons have all gone into the business. Damn fine boys, doing well, taking the reins. But my son is dead. What happens when I'm gone is what I want to know."

"Dad—"

"That goddamned war."

"Oh, Dad," she began.

"That goddamned pokemons and their wars."

"Dad—"

"I wish you'd come home, Dink. You here, settled, married. . . . He looked at her, and she knew what he was thinking. She heard it strong enough. If she would only relent, all the beauty of the world would be within his grasp. His boy was dead, but his girl was alive and she had it in her power to atone and reform him. He had not really objected when she went to New York; he knew that Dement was a small town and not to everyone's taste. But he had not seen that she would return and the family would appear as whole, or nearly whole, that the line would be restored. His wasted her looks and married, and he wanted a son-in-law to advise and guide him, a grandson, or two grandsons, to take with him to the office on Sunday mornings.

"All I've done," he said, "I've done for the family."

She turned away, exasperated. It seemed to her that she was to turn over her life to him, that was what he wanted. But she was unable to give it. He was right—people wanted to take it away from you. And you had to react with what your whole heart. She said, "I can't."

"The employees here, we employ eighty-five people. Know most of them for twenty years, longer. What's the hell? Why can't you?"

"She said, 'You love it? It's your life, you've spent your life on it.'"

"Of course, what you've just said."

"That's what everyone says. It's what your mother says, and she's not very often wrong. He said, 'What is there to show for it?' (You're in New York living alone. Don't see you from one year to the next. I bet you don't even read the 'R'. But you don't even know we're going to have a new one, because we'll live down the old one. An eight-million-dollar structure. It'll even have downtown. . . . He was rambling now, the point lost. 'Who cares?' The town succeeds or it doesn't succeed. We publish a

million books of advertising or we don't. Paper's good or bad. What's the point of the family's put together to share it? It's still a success. If you're not around. Frank.

"No," she said, pleading now.

"—I dread, and I can't help that. He began to pace the room again, moving around to the secretary's desk. He sat heavily in the small velvet chair, staring at the clock in front of him, the change from twelve to thirty-eight. "I am working my tail off for strangers."

"That was I, true, either," she thought. "Why would he say that? Her father? Her heart went out to him, and she leaned across the secretary's desk and touched his hand. Blood was the guilt that lay before them and it could not be bridge, perhaps because they were on the same side of it. She said, 'You can't trust your life on other people.'"

"He looked at her. 'You can?'"

"I don't think so," she said.

"I always thought you could." He turned away then. "I don't think you know anything about it," he said thickly.

"I'm sorry," she said.

"He nodded. 'It's all right.'"

She leaned closer to him, her hand was now on his forearm. "You know how what I do. I'm very good at it. So they tell me." He looked at her, not understanding the reference. Good at what? "I've got a real concern, I like it. I like doing what I do and I got to be in New York to do it. It means a lot to me." She shook his arm a little, waiting for an acknowledgment, a word, any word of approval.

"I don't know much about books and authors," he said. "I'm just a poor newspaper publisher."

She finally had to get her teeth to prevent an outbreak. She

It was in her power to save the paper for him— if she would relent.

said, "It's all right."

"I don't like it in New York. Don't know what goes on there. Always been here, it's always been good enough for Kings. Dement, we've lived here for four generations."

Oh, she thought, she. "Well, you're sitting quite a bit," she said evenly. She wanted to know now, to end this conversation. "You're done a very little opportunity," he said. "But you place in here. He took a last swallow of his drink and said, 'Your mother—' he began.

"She'll be waiting for us. Let's go home." She handed him his hat and coat and they moved out the door.

He said, "I was thinking of this. I want you to come on the board of directors of the 'R'." He held the door for them as they left the building. "You wouldn't have to do anything. It would be a good thing for the publisher's company if you did." For me?

She said, "I'll drive."

"Just come back once a year—"

"She put the car in gear and accelerated. "Who that what this was about?" Of course, she said.

He smiled broadly. "It would be a help."

She heard something new in his voice, something that had not been there before, and she was on her guard. "How would it be a help?"

"This way and that way," he said carefully. "Who knows? Then, 'I was I decided to sell the 'R' to Dimes. Then I'll need some backup. He was silent a moment as she turned onto the highway, back the way she had come. "Well, he said. 'I'd just like to tell that's all. You on the board.'"

She knew then why he had called her home. He had decided to sell it.

DINING OUT WITH ESQUIRE

by Florence Fabricant

Two haute cuisine specialists doing their craft thing

Easy, relaxed styles have been reforming our way of dining, our way of dressing, and our way of dining out. New York is popping with places that do the easy thing. However, in our current state of intense gastronomic awareness, neither the Sawdust of our youth nor a handful of efficient crepes and burgers will do. Food that can be obtained from each into the night without the happenings of a big deal must be interesting and good.

This trend has inspired two people who had previously considered their efforts an overly haute cuisine.

Natsumi Katsuta, whose Nippon is one of the more successful and expensive of New York's Japanese restaurants, opened Hya. Taro Nippon at 119 East 81st Street, about two years ago. In this work, cultural eating there is no insistence on the intricate subtleties of classical Japanese dining that are often difficult for Westerners to appreciate. Select what you approach to you from the all-purpose menu that is divided by category (vegetables, seafood and so forth). Many of the dishes are served as either appetizers or main courses in any sequence you desire. Free from the usual no talk of not coming, you will probably end up with a meal composed of as an assortment of small portions, which is after all, the very essence of Japanese dining.

What remains here is the after-the-meal of the ingredients as they are displayed and served. Perfectly observed, the kitchen is carried out as a true of a kitchen hooded between two adjacent to an open kitchen in the center of the bright, spacious room. A low, copper-wood counter and a tall, the cooling area, its window suggesting the Japanese style of open or closed. The layout, the restaurant's logo is both a symbol of good food and an ancient vessel for sake.

In addition to the counter serving, there are polished, hand-carved copper wood tables filling the surrounding area. Glass cloth and custom-gilded rice complete the beautifully neutral scheme.

The foods involved in the grilling, tempura and frying can be as minimalist as steak, shrimp or salmon or as exotic as strong curries. Japanese before we begin served with their heavy, earthy, intact. Charcoal-grilled sardines (32.50) were memorable, the pair of whole, always-creamed silver fish deliciously fresh. Our

Florence Fabricant writes regularly for *Food for Esquire*.

New York's Navarero



THE UN-HOTEL HOTEL ON CENTRAL PARK SOUTH

In the rich part of Manhattan, towering above Central Park. All the elegance and comforts an international clientele demands.

Without the hurry and hassle of most New York hotels. Plus gourmet cuisine and discreet service. At rates that are equal to hotels that don't have the panache of our south of the park address. Rates from \$45.00.

For reservations call (212) 347-7000—or your travel agent.



112 CENTRAL PARK SOUTH • NEW YORK, N.Y. 10019

Your next visit to London could be the most memorable ever.



Mayfair's Five Star Grosvenor House hotel has always been associated with the art of gracious living and the great traditions of English hospitality and style.

Lavishly appointed public rooms, bedrooms, suites and private service apartments complemented by two superb restaurants and intimate bars make Grosvenor House England's foremost hotel.

With some of the finest banqueting and conference facilities, a new health complex with fully equipped gymnasium, sauna, solarium and swimming pool, and exclusive shops and boutiques all within the hotel, Grosvenor House will make your next visit to London the most memorable ever.

For further information or reservations please contact your travel agent or agents, The Express Reservations Service at 1290 Avenue of the Americas, New York 10020, New York Tel: (212) 633-4444, Telex: 541 9444, Hotepec: 641 899-221, 54-12, Telex: 359202



Grosvenor House
Park Lane
London W1A 1AA
Telephone: 01-493-6363, Telex: 24670

Le Madrigal

FRENCH CUISINE

216 EAST 53 STREET, NEW YORK CITY

One of the outstanding restaurants in North America

Lunch served 12-3 P.M. Dinner served 6-11 P.M.

Reservations suggested. Telephone 365-0322

A few selections from our à la carte menu:

Menu d'Honneur

Casse de Volaille
Moult de Grande Volaille
Cherryrieuse
Andouille Fricassée
(en Sauce)
Fait Gout de Rôtisserie
Saucisses Froides

Buffet de Spécialités

Entrée de l'Éclaircie
Filet Mignon au Foie Gras
Grande Frite
Poulet Fricassée au Mirepoix
Caviar d'Apparat Rôté au Primeur
(en Sauce)
Côte de Veau aux Herbes

Plats

Moult de Grande Volaille
Bœuf à la Mode
Côte de Veau aux Herbes

Entrées

Moult de Grande Volaille
Bœuf à la Mode
Côte de Veau aux Herbes
Caviar d'Apparat Rôté au Primeur
(en Sauce)
Côte de Veau aux Herbes

periods of selection also included a few small wedges of omelette, several clusters of broccoli and ink, earth-rich Japanese mushrooms coated with lacy tempura (the vegetables are 90 cents to \$1.70 per portion).

Think, next, snowy chunks of striped bass, fried with a deeply burnished crust, were superb. This fish is served with a sauce, a savory brown sauce threaded with bean sprouts (\$4.95). Some of the charcoal-broiled fish are baked in a slightly sweet sauce that had less appeal.

Hyō Tō Niggon serves lobster, up to mammoth six-portioned massive showstoppers, charcoal grilled. Then there is the lobster cocktail (lobster in raw fish), quite a production for those capable of romantic artistic peapod. Fresh raw lobster has an incredibly delicate flavor and texture.

The whole experience, baked live from the tank, is first presented—steaming—like your approval. Then it is served, raw, spread maple on a large platter, with the pale raw tail meat sliced into tiny morsels and artfully arranged in the shell of the tail. Enjoy the sweet flesh of the tail but be careful not to disturb the rest of the feast. An accidental reader may cause it to flick in confusion or move its claw as farewell before the waiter returns it to the grill for a charcoal broiling, after which it is served up again. A two-pounder done up in this manner is \$32.

This raises a moral question: Can you reconcile the delight of the raw lobster meal with the humane preservation? Let us say that if you are sensitive to the feelings of lower forms of life, this is not your dish. There is, however, a traditionally elegant and majestic selection of bass, flounder, rain and chive served with an incendiary wasabi and sizzling shredded daikon.

A fragrant fish soup (baked head, lobster, a bowl of steaming acidic shrimp) instead but so artful (\$3.90), tender triangles of gilled, marinated chicken (\$4.50), a cakelike wedge of charcoal-seared yakimochi (marinated rice) over the soft of gilled beef nigamochi, a sizzling bright scallops (\$3.50), a succulent fried pork cutlet with a spicy duck dipping sauce, a steaming casserole of yakimochi and the chicken (Eko Kasei) salad of thin strips of warm meat beef in a tangy sauce, dressing (the \$6 were all excellent dishes). The best salad in Eko Kasei, the lobster cocktail must be Sam Pedemph.

The only disappointments were a rather bland Hyō Tō Niggon, a heavily salted sword, some dimly lit fish head problem and the common misadventure of the holy salt that can blow in from Spain, sizzled in garlic, oil and soy. Down jacket is and goes, cutlery and flat, the pouring, single, attached or settled, all content merely in tomorrow's discussion or all alone at Hyō Tō Niggon. It is a



In 1778, Louis XVI probably welcomed the new ambassador from America with a glass of Martell.

Louis XVI, King of France, awaits the arrival of Benjamin Franklin—philosopher, scholar, inventor, and now, statesman.

What better way to greet a renowned ally than with fine cognac from the House of Martell?

Even then, French royalty knew that making fine cognac, to a

Martell, was a matter of honor. It still is. Martell Taste history.

JUNIOR & SONS
A FINE & FINE COGNAC



RioMar. The resort that has everything... except crowds.

RioMar, nestled on its own island

between a mile of golden beach and the ocean, brooding mountains at El Yunque. Rio Mar, a Spanish village in Puerto Rico, with cobblestone streets, white-washed walls, Mexican tiles, and Peruvian hangings in balconied suites and cathedral-ceilinged rooms. Rio Mar private, uncrowded.



15 events for 118 rooms, incredible? You never have to wait for Rio Mar's tennis, Jimmy Fillel at our training pro. Ten Hoster for night play. Our courts are the best (18 clay) and 4 are lit for night play.



A great cheapo-skiing course, 15 holes all skil-lings and beautifully designed. Our Director of Golf? The one and only Chirico Rodriguez with a new his brother Resident Pro And no lessening wedding!



A golden beach, more than a mile of it, red-protected with a statue of study shells and chaises for the sun. Even, well, swimmers. You'll love our gentle white reef and our sparkling blue sea.



Going to remember. Who could forget our Co-quilla St. Jacques, lobster, steak, and surround-ings? A cool, salted par-ty. (Dishes, survive, dishes. And in course, no crowding. This is Rio Mar.

RioMar

RESORT KID GRANDE / LUQUILLO, PUERTO RICO

So much for so few

comfortable, friendly place where a full dinner will run about \$12 per person (beer with labels) and a lighter meal considerably less. A la carte appetizer portions are 50 cents to \$3.70, entrees \$4.50 and up. Complete breakfasts are \$3.50 to \$9.70, dinners \$9.50 to \$13.95. Endless cups of tea are poured, or you may select Japanese beers, sake, wine or cocktails.

Hyo-Tan Nippon is open every day except Sunday. Lunch is served Monday through Friday, from noon to two-thirty p.m.; dinner Monday through Thursday, from five-thirty p.m. to ten p.m.; Friday and Saturday, from five-thirty p.m. to ten-thirty p.m. Major credit cards are accepted. Telephone: 751-7696.

Hyo-Tan Nippon is the son of Nippon, then Caki Regente is the daughter of Regente's. Caki Regente, 48 East Fifty-ninth Street, is tucked into the corner of the Hotel Delmonico, and his bar restaurant passed her flashes of brilliance are combined with puzzling incongruities. It opened with beautiful people clamoring for lunch and the menu of salads, omelets, sandwiches and entrees that provided us all times at prices affordable to the so-so-buffet.

This may be the only new French restaurant in New York that is not nostalgic art deco or belle époque. If beautiful people do not decorate with the quirkiness, wood and natural materials of this place, but that has not deterred them. An exposure of windows along the upper of two levels in the dining room affords something of a sidewalk-café view.

You can eat what you want whenever you want, whether it is a plate of pork, a dish of sherry or a meal of wine, or a game. Feel free to order oysters and caviar, or a plate of lunch with your Ferner and me. A half grapefruit, brewed fish of the day (\$7.75) or a portion of tender meat spiced with lemon (\$8.50) are some other thoughtful choices for nervous eaters. Call the restaurant "Hyo-Tan."

After a couple of months in business, however, the prices climbed about twenty percent to less reasonable levels. You can still select a vibrant anchovy-wine provolone (\$11) or a properly composed salad nigao (\$5), but an understated pan-fried vegetable omelet will cost you \$7.50, as will a hamburger served as a circle of fried potatoes. The wine list is no longer either.

Yet the memorable fresh lemon sherbet, a barely sweet homemade sorbet the likes of which are hard to come by outside of France, and a well-baked, pistachio-purified bar convinced me to leave Caki Regente on my list for dessert. The \$4.50 early price range is \$2.50 to \$11 and major credit cards are accepted. The restaurant is open every day except Sunday from eleven-thirty a.m. until midnight. Telephone: 758-0538.

"more than a great steakhouse"
PRIME MEAT • VEAL • LOBSTER • FISH

THE ASSEMBLY
STEAKHOUSE in Rockwell Ball Center

76 WEST 51ST ST. • NYC • 10019
SPECIAL PRE-THEATRE DINNERS
FREE DINNER PARKING 5PM TO MIDNIGHT
American Express and major credit cards

IBIS
New York's most exciting nightclub

It's headlining dance. Dancing to live music 14 4 hrs. A fabulous international floor show featuring show girls, singers, comedians and belly dancers.

And some of the best music in the Big Apple. Most of all, it's a great time!

Lunch: Cocktails, Wine, Caviar, French Cuisine, Live Music, 11-12 PM, 12-13 PM, 13-14 PM, 14-15 PM, 15-16 PM, 16-17 PM, 17-18 PM, 18-19 PM, 19-20 PM, 20-21 PM, 21-22 PM, 22-23 PM, 23-24 PM, 24-25 PM, 25-26 PM, 26-27 PM, 27-28 PM, 28-29 PM, 29-30 PM, 30-31 PM, 31-32 PM, 32-33 PM, 33-34 PM, 34-35 PM, 35-36 PM, 36-37 PM, 37-38 PM, 38-39 PM, 39-40 PM, 40-41 PM, 41-42 PM, 42-43 PM, 43-44 PM, 44-45 PM, 45-46 PM, 46-47 PM, 47-48 PM, 48-49 PM, 49-50 PM, 50-51 PM, 51-52 PM, 52-53 PM, 53-54 PM, 54-55 PM, 55-56 PM, 56-57 PM, 57-58 PM, 58-59 PM, 59-60 PM, 60-61 PM, 61-62 PM, 62-63 PM, 63-64 PM, 64-65 PM, 65-66 PM, 66-67 PM, 67-68 PM, 68-69 PM, 69-70 PM, 70-71 PM, 71-72 PM, 72-73 PM, 73-74 PM, 74-75 PM, 75-76 PM, 76-77 PM, 77-78 PM, 78-79 PM, 79-80 PM, 80-81 PM, 81-82 PM, 82-83 PM, 83-84 PM, 84-85 PM, 85-86 PM, 86-87 PM, 87-88 PM, 88-89 PM, 89-90 PM, 90-91 PM, 91-92 PM, 92-93 PM, 93-94 PM, 94-95 PM, 95-96 PM, 96-97 PM, 97-98 PM, 98-99 PM, 99-100 PM, 100-101 PM, 101-102 PM, 102-103 PM, 103-104 PM, 104-105 PM, 105-106 PM, 106-107 PM, 107-108 PM, 108-109 PM, 109-110 PM, 110-111 PM, 111-112 PM, 112-113 PM, 113-114 PM, 114-115 PM, 115-116 PM, 116-117 PM, 117-118 PM, 118-119 PM, 119-120 PM, 120-121 PM, 121-122 PM, 122-123 PM, 123-124 PM, 124-125 PM, 125-126 PM, 126-127 PM, 127-128 PM, 128-129 PM, 129-130 PM, 130-131 PM, 131-132 PM, 132-133 PM, 133-134 PM, 134-135 PM, 135-136 PM, 136-137 PM, 137-138 PM, 138-139 PM, 139-140 PM, 140-141 PM, 141-142 PM, 142-143 PM, 143-144 PM, 144-145 PM, 145-146 PM, 146-147 PM, 147-148 PM, 148-149 PM, 149-150 PM, 150-151 PM, 151-152 PM, 152-153 PM, 153-154 PM, 154-155 PM, 155-156 PM, 156-157 PM, 157-158 PM, 158-159 PM, 159-160 PM, 160-161 PM, 161-162 PM, 162-163 PM, 163-164 PM, 164-165 PM, 165-166 PM, 166-167 PM, 167-168 PM, 168-169 PM, 169-170 PM, 170-171 PM, 171-172 PM, 172-173 PM, 173-174 PM, 174-175 PM, 175-176 PM, 176-177 PM, 177-178 PM, 178-179 PM, 179-180 PM, 180-181 PM, 181-182 PM, 182-183 PM, 183-184 PM, 184-185 PM, 185-186 PM, 186-187 PM, 187-188 PM, 188-189 PM, 189-190 PM, 190-191 PM, 191-192 PM, 192-193 PM, 193-194 PM, 194-195 PM, 195-196 PM, 196-197 PM, 197-198 PM, 198-199 PM, 199-200 PM, 200-201 PM, 201-202 PM, 202-203 PM, 203-204 PM, 204-205 PM, 205-206 PM, 206-207 PM, 207-208 PM, 208-209 PM, 209-210 PM, 210-211 PM, 211-212 PM, 212-213 PM, 213-214 PM, 214-215 PM, 215-216 PM, 216-217 PM, 217-218 PM, 218-219 PM, 219-220 PM, 220-221 PM, 221-222 PM, 222-223 PM, 223-224 PM, 224-225 PM, 225-226 PM, 226-227 PM, 227-228 PM, 228-229 PM, 229-230 PM, 230-231 PM, 231-232 PM, 232-233 PM, 233-234 PM, 234-235 PM, 235-236 PM, 236-237 PM, 237-238 PM, 238-239 PM, 239-240 PM, 240-241 PM, 241-242 PM, 242-243 PM, 243-244 PM, 244-245 PM, 245-246 PM, 246-247 PM, 247-248 PM, 248-249 PM, 249-250 PM, 250-251 PM, 251-252 PM, 252-253 PM, 253-254 PM, 254-255 PM, 255-256 PM, 256-257 PM, 257-258 PM, 258-259 PM, 259-260 PM, 260-261 PM, 261-262 PM, 262-263 PM, 263-264 PM, 264-265 PM, 265-266 PM, 266-267 PM, 267-268 PM, 268-269 PM, 269-270 PM, 270-271 PM, 271-272 PM, 272-273 PM, 273-274 PM, 274-275 PM, 275-276 PM, 276-277 PM, 277-278 PM, 278-279 PM, 279-280 PM, 280-281 PM, 281-282 PM, 282-283 PM, 283-284 PM, 284-285 PM, 285-286 PM, 286-287 PM, 287-288 PM, 288-289 PM, 289-290 PM, 290-291 PM, 291-292 PM, 292-293 PM, 293-294 PM, 294-295 PM, 295-296 PM, 296-297 PM, 297-298 PM, 298-299 PM, 299-300 PM, 300-301 PM, 301-302 PM, 302-303 PM, 303-304 PM, 304-305 PM, 305-306 PM, 306-307 PM, 307-308 PM, 308-309 PM, 309-310 PM, 310-311 PM, 311-312 PM, 312-313 PM, 313-314 PM, 314-315 PM, 315-316 PM, 316-317 PM, 317-318 PM, 318-319 PM, 319-320 PM, 320-321 PM, 321-322 PM, 322-323 PM, 323-324 PM, 324-325 PM, 325-326 PM, 326-327 PM, 327-328 PM, 328-329 PM, 329-330 PM, 330-331 PM, 331-332 PM, 332-333 PM, 333-334 PM, 334-335 PM, 335-336 PM, 336-337 PM, 337-338 PM, 338-339 PM, 339-340 PM, 340-341 PM, 341-342 PM, 342-343 PM, 343-344 PM, 344-345 PM, 345-346 PM, 346-347 PM, 347-348 PM, 348-349 PM, 349-350 PM, 350-351 PM, 351-352 PM, 352-353 PM, 353-354 PM, 354-355 PM, 355-356 PM, 356-357 PM, 357-358 PM, 358-359 PM, 359-360 PM, 360-361 PM, 361-362 PM, 362-363 PM, 363-364 PM, 364-365 PM, 365-366 PM, 366-367 PM, 367-368 PM, 368-369 PM, 369-370 PM, 370-371 PM, 371-372 PM, 372-373 PM, 373-374 PM, 374-375 PM, 375-376 PM, 376-377 PM, 377-378 PM, 378-379 PM, 379-380 PM, 380-381 PM, 381-382 PM, 382-383 PM, 383-384 PM, 384-385 PM, 385-386 PM, 386-387 PM, 387-388 PM, 388-389 PM, 389-390 PM, 390-391 PM, 391-392 PM, 392-393 PM, 393-394 PM, 394-395 PM, 395-396 PM, 396-397 PM, 397-398 PM, 398-399 PM, 399-400 PM, 400-401 PM, 401-402 PM, 402-403 PM, 403-404 PM, 404-405 PM, 405-406 PM, 406-407 PM, 407-408 PM, 408-409 PM, 409-410 PM, 410-411 PM, 411-412 PM, 412-413 PM, 413-414 PM, 414-415 PM, 415-416 PM, 416-417 PM, 417-418 PM, 418-419 PM, 419-420 PM, 420-421 PM, 421-422 PM, 422-423 PM, 423-424 PM, 424-425 PM, 425-426 PM, 426-427 PM, 427-428 PM, 428-429 PM, 429-430 PM, 430-431 PM, 431-432 PM, 432-433 PM, 433-434 PM, 434-435 PM, 435-436 PM, 436-437 PM, 437-438 PM, 438-439 PM, 439-440 PM, 440-441 PM, 441-442 PM, 442-443 PM, 443-444 PM, 444-445 PM, 445-446 PM, 446-447 PM, 447-448 PM, 448-449 PM, 449-450 PM, 450-451 PM, 451-452 PM, 452-453 PM, 453-454 PM, 454-455 PM, 455-456 PM, 456-457 PM, 457-458 PM, 458-459 PM, 459-460 PM, 460-461 PM, 461-462 PM, 462-463 PM, 463-464 PM, 464-465 PM, 465-466 PM, 466-467 PM, 467-468 PM, 468-469 PM, 469-470 PM, 470-471 PM, 471-472 PM, 472-473 PM, 473-474 PM, 474-475 PM, 475-476 PM, 476-477 PM, 477-478 PM, 478-479 PM, 479-480 PM, 480-481 PM, 481-482 PM, 482-483 PM, 483-484 PM, 484-485 PM, 485-486 PM, 486-487 PM, 487-488 PM, 488-489 PM, 489-490 PM, 490-491 PM, 491-492 PM, 492-493 PM, 493-494 PM, 494-495 PM, 495-496 PM, 496-497 PM, 497-498 PM, 498-499 PM, 499-500 PM, 500-501 PM, 501-502 PM, 502-503 PM, 503-504 PM, 504-505 PM, 505-506 PM, 506-507 PM, 507-508 PM, 508-509 PM, 509-510 PM, 510-511 PM, 511-512 PM, 512-513 PM, 513-514 PM, 514-515 PM, 515-516 PM, 516-517 PM, 517-518 PM, 518-519 PM, 519-520 PM, 520-521 PM, 521-522 PM, 522-523 PM, 523-524 PM, 524-525 PM, 525-526 PM, 526-527 PM, 527-528 PM, 528-529 PM, 529-530 PM, 530-531 PM, 531-532 PM, 532-533 PM, 533-534 PM, 534-535 PM, 535-536 PM, 536-537 PM, 537-538 PM, 538-539 PM, 539-540 PM, 540-541 PM, 541-542 PM, 542-543 PM, 543-544 PM, 544-545 PM, 545-546 PM, 546-547 PM, 547-548 PM, 548-549 PM, 549-550 PM, 550-551 PM, 551-552 PM, 552-553 PM, 553-554 PM, 554-555 PM, 555-556 PM, 556-557 PM, 557-558 PM, 558-559 PM, 559-560 PM, 560-561 PM, 561-562 PM, 562-563 PM, 563-564 PM, 564-565 PM, 565-566 PM, 566-567 PM, 567-568 PM, 568-569 PM, 569-570 PM, 570-571 PM, 571-572 PM, 572-573 PM, 573-574 PM, 574-575 PM, 575-576 PM, 576-577 PM, 577-578 PM, 578-579 PM, 579-580 PM, 580-581 PM, 581-582 PM, 582-583 PM, 583-584 PM, 584-585 PM, 585-586 PM, 586-587 PM, 587-588 PM, 588-589 PM, 589-590 PM, 590-591 PM, 591-592 PM, 592-593 PM, 593-594 PM, 594-595 PM, 595-596 PM, 596-597 PM, 597-598 PM, 598-599 PM, 599-600 PM, 600-601 PM, 601-602 PM, 602-603 PM, 603-604 PM, 604-605 PM, 605-606 PM, 606-607 PM, 607-608 PM, 608-609 PM, 609-610 PM, 610-611 PM, 611-612 PM, 612-613 PM, 613-614 PM, 614-615 PM, 615-616 PM, 616-617 PM, 617-618 PM, 618-619 PM, 619-620 PM, 620-621 PM, 621-622 PM, 622-623 PM, 623-624 PM, 624-625 PM, 625-626 PM, 626-627 PM, 627-628 PM, 628-629 PM, 629-630 PM, 630-631 PM, 631-632 PM, 632-633 PM, 633-634 PM, 634-635 PM, 635-636 PM, 636-637 PM, 637-638 PM, 638-639 PM, 639-640 PM, 640-641 PM, 641-642 PM, 642-643 PM, 643-644 PM, 644-645 PM, 645-646 PM, 646-647 PM, 647-648 PM, 648-649 PM, 649-650 PM, 650-651 PM, 651-652 PM, 652-653 PM, 653-654 PM, 654-655 PM, 655-656 PM, 656-657 PM, 657-658 PM, 658-659 PM, 659-660 PM, 660-661 PM, 661-662 PM, 662-663 PM, 663-664 PM, 664-665 PM, 665-666 PM, 666-667 PM, 667-668 PM, 668-669 PM, 669-670 PM, 670-671 PM, 671-672 PM, 672-673 PM, 673-674 PM, 674-675 PM, 675-676 PM, 676-677 PM, 677-678 PM, 678-679 PM, 679-680 PM, 680-681 PM, 681-682 PM, 682-683 PM, 683-684 PM, 684-685 PM, 685-686 PM, 686-687 PM, 687-688 PM, 688-689 PM, 689-690 PM, 690-691 PM, 691-692 PM, 692-693 PM, 693-694 PM, 694-695 PM, 695-696 PM, 696-697 PM, 697-698 PM, 698-699 PM, 699-700 PM, 700-701 PM, 701-702 PM, 702-703 PM, 703-704 PM, 704-705 PM, 705-706 PM, 706-707 PM, 707-708 PM, 708-709 PM, 709-710 PM, 710-711 PM, 711-712 PM, 712-713 PM, 713-714 PM, 714-715 PM, 715-716 PM, 716-717 PM, 717-718 PM, 718-719 PM, 719-720 PM, 720-721 PM, 721-722 PM, 722-723 PM, 723-724 PM, 724-725 PM, 725-726 PM, 726-727 PM, 727-728 PM, 728-729 PM, 729-730 PM, 730-731 PM, 731-732 PM, 732-733 PM, 733-734 PM, 734-735 PM, 735-736 PM, 736-737 PM, 737-738 PM, 738-739 PM, 739-740 PM, 740-741 PM, 741-742 PM, 742-743 PM, 743-744 PM, 744-745 PM, 745-746 PM, 746-747 PM, 747-748 PM, 748-749 PM, 749-750 PM, 750-751 PM, 751-752 PM, 752-753 PM, 753-754 PM, 754-755 PM, 755-756 PM, 756-757 PM, 757-758 PM, 758-759 PM, 759-760 PM, 760-761 PM, 761-762 PM, 762-763 PM, 763-764 PM, 764-765 PM, 765-766 PM, 766-767 PM, 767-768 PM, 768-769 PM, 769-770 PM, 770-771 PM, 771-772 PM, 772-773 PM, 773-774 PM, 774-775 PM, 775-776 PM, 776-777 PM, 777-778 PM, 778-779 PM, 779-780 PM, 780-781 PM, 781-782 PM, 782-783 PM, 783-784 PM, 784-785 PM, 785-786 PM, 786-787 PM, 787-788 PM, 788-789 PM, 789-790 PM, 790-791 PM, 791-792 PM, 792-793 PM, 793-794 PM, 794-795 PM, 795-796 PM, 796-797 PM, 797-798 PM, 798-799 PM, 799-800 PM, 800-801 PM, 801-802 PM, 802-803 PM, 803-804 PM, 804-805 PM, 805-806 PM, 806-807 PM, 807-808 PM, 808-809 PM, 809-810 PM, 810-811 PM, 811-812 PM, 812-813 PM, 813-814 PM, 814-815 PM, 815-816 PM, 816-817 PM, 817-818 PM, 818-819 PM, 819-820 PM, 820-821 PM, 821-822 PM, 822-823 PM, 823-824 PM, 824-825 PM, 825-826 PM, 826-827 PM, 827-828 PM, 828-829 PM, 829-830 PM, 830-831 PM, 831-832 PM, 832-833 PM, 833-834 PM, 834-835 PM, 835-836 PM, 836-837 PM, 837-838 PM, 838-839 PM, 839-840 PM, 840-841 PM, 841-842 PM, 842-843 PM, 843-844 PM, 844-845 PM, 845-846 PM, 846-847 PM, 847-848 PM, 848-849 PM, 849-850 PM, 850-851 PM, 851-852 PM, 852-853 PM, 853-854 PM, 854-855 PM, 855-856 PM, 856-857 PM, 857-858 PM, 858-859 PM, 859-860 PM, 860-861 PM, 861-862 PM, 862-863 PM, 863-864 PM, 864-865 PM, 865-866 PM, 866-867 PM, 867-868 PM, 868-869 PM, 869-870 PM, 870-871 PM, 871-872 PM, 872-873 PM, 873-874 PM, 874-875 PM, 875-876 PM, 876-877 PM, 877-878 PM, 878-879 PM, 879-880 PM, 880-881 PM, 881-882 PM, 882-883 PM, 883-884 PM, 884-885 PM, 885-886 PM, 886-887 PM, 887-888 PM, 888-889 PM, 889-890 PM, 890-891 PM, 891-892 PM, 892-893 PM, 893-894 PM, 894-895 PM, 895-896 PM, 896-897 PM, 897-898 PM, 898-899 PM, 899-900 PM, 900-901 PM, 901-902 PM, 902-903 PM, 903-904 PM, 904-905 PM, 905-906 PM, 906-907 PM, 907-908 PM, 908-909 PM, 909-910 PM, 910-911 PM, 911-912 PM, 912-913 PM, 913-914 PM, 914-915 PM, 915-916 PM, 916-917 PM, 917-918 PM, 918-919 PM, 919-920 PM, 920-921 PM, 921-922 PM, 922-923 PM, 923-924 PM, 924-925 PM, 925-926 PM, 926-927 PM, 927-928 PM, 928-929 PM, 929-930 PM, 930-931 PM, 931-932 PM, 932-933 PM, 933-934 PM, 934-935 PM, 935-936 PM, 936-937 PM, 937-938 PM, 938-939 PM, 939-940 PM, 940-941 PM, 941-942 PM, 942-943 PM, 943-944 PM, 944-945 PM, 945-946 PM, 946-947 PM, 947-948 PM, 948-949 PM, 949-950 PM, 950-951 PM, 951-952 PM, 952-953 PM, 953-954 PM, 954-955 PM, 955-956 PM, 956-957 PM, 957-958 PM, 958-959 PM, 959-960 PM, 960-961 PM, 961-962 PM, 962-963 PM, 963-964 PM, 964-965 PM, 965-966 PM, 966-967 PM, 967-968 PM, 968-969 PM, 969-970 PM, 970-971 PM, 971-972 PM, 972-973 PM, 973-974 PM, 974-975 PM, 975-976 PM, 976-977 PM, 977-978 PM, 978-979 PM, 979-980 PM, 980-981 PM, 981-982 PM, 982-983 PM, 983-984 PM, 984-985 PM, 985-986 PM, 986-987 PM, 987-988 PM, 988-989 PM, 989-990 PM, 990-991 PM, 991-992 PM, 992-993 PM, 993-994 PM, 994-995 PM, 995-996 PM, 996-997 PM, 997-998 PM, 998-999 PM, 999-1000 PM, 1000-1001 PM, 1001-1002 PM, 1002-1003 PM, 1003-1004 PM, 1004-1005 PM, 1005-1006 PM, 1006-1007 PM, 1007-1008 PM, 1008-1009 PM, 1009-1010 PM, 1010-1011 PM, 1011-1012 PM, 1012-1013 PM, 1013-1014 PM, 1014-1015 PM, 1015-1016 PM, 1016-1017 PM, 1017-1018 PM, 1018-1019 PM, 1019-1020 PM, 1020-1021 PM, 1021-1022 PM, 1022-1023 PM, 1023-1024 PM, 1024-1025 PM, 1025-1026 PM, 1026-1027 PM, 1027-1028 PM, 1028-1029 PM, 1029-1030 PM, 1030-1031 PM, 1031-1032 PM, 1032-1033 PM, 1033-1034 PM, 1034-1035 PM, 1035-1036 PM, 1036-1037 PM, 1037-1038 PM, 1038-1039 PM, 1039-1040 PM, 1040-1041 PM, 1041-1042 PM, 1042-1043 PM, 1043-1044 PM, 1



How the English express themselves.

Warning: The Surgeon General has determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

555 International
The taste of distinction from State Express of London.

18 mg. "tar," 1.4 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

Sorel

The Way We Live Now: The Percentage Deal





Hamilton Jordan: A Slob In the White House

BY AARON LATHAM

"When it comes to organization, Jordan is a one-man slum"

Hamilton Jordan—who has been suffering under the curse of the forbidden pyramids—was feeling put-upon. A part of his brain with a letter he had just received from a congressman. Jordan did not like the tone of the letter, so he decided to punch the letterman.

"Let's sweep his name again," Jordan told his secretary "Rudly" Masquel his name again.

The first time thirty-three-year-old Jordan mispelled the congressman's name, it was probably pure sloppiness. For he is one of the most disorderly people ever to serve in the White House. But the second mispelling was deliberate: he was sending his larger-than-life sloppiness to a weapon.

The chaos in which Jordan lives becomes a consolation. Is he the master of his own disorder, or is he a victim of it? Is his sloppiness a personal condition or an organizational one? Is he lost in his own disorganization, or is he simply trying to drive the rest of us crazy?

These are not simply personal questions. They are national questions. (Hence Jordan's sloppiness has actually become a national problem—like the energy problem.) He sits at the center of the White House running chaos. And that is just what needs to be corrected this administration: a chaos that no one is in charge, that no one knows what to do, that no one can organize anything.

Is a time, the Carter regime gives us the same message that Hamilton Jordan's just one gives off—the car he lives in.

Some Sweet Car

It all started with today paper. Back during his University of Georgia days,

Aaron Latham is *Esquire's* Washington, D.C.-based string editor.

Hamilton Jordan got into a taxi-paper and fight. He was living in a motel at the time. Unfortunately the manager came to investigate. When he opened the door, he got hit in the face with a wet wash. The manager promptly expelled Jordan.

Hamilton lived in his car the rest of the quarter," recalled Ray Beck, who has been friend of Jordan's almost all his life.

"It was a light green Corvair. Hamilton always had bad cars. He kept all his clothes in the back seat. Shorts. Pants. Half-eaten burgers. His is not only personally. He slept in the front seat with his feet up against the window."

Beck pointed to it wondering whether to go on.

Hamilton would always lose his keys. So he broke a window to get in. He kept a short wadded up in the hole. You know when he was home because the window would be smeared up. This was winter."

Eventually, all the disorganized haughty-laid-back-sloppy messes met. Herod son Jordan's car had "mess—mess—mess—mess."

Such disorder might be indicating if Jordan were not running the country. No wonder college chaps were trying to do with the wrath of the nation if he had become better organized over the years. So I asked him if he had changed since those days when he lived in a car.

"I'm a sloppy son of a bitch," Jordan said. "That hasn't changed. I'm terribly disorganized."

Assistant President

Today Jordan's White House job has a lot in common with the back seat of that Corvair he lived in. It's a catchall. When I asked him what he did for the President, Jordan told me. "He's asked me that question himself a number of times."

Of all the White House jobs, Jordan probably has the most important and the least structured job. "What we've got

around him are a lot of people with well-defined responsibilities," he explained.

Like Sam (Khan) does domestic issues. Jody (Pence) does press. "We've got to have somebody who can take special assignments that the President gives them. So that's what I get into a lot of different things. The most disorganized man in the White House presides over a cluttered heap of responsibilities that shape almost everything the President does."

Perhaps Jordan's most important job is serving as the President's chief political adviser. Many believe his political instincts contain his greatest talent. An evidence of his gifts is a political prophet his admirers generally offer his 1972 memoirs: telling Carter how to run for President. This memo set forth what would become the theme of the campaign. "Perhaps the strongest feeling in the country today is the general distrust of government and politicians at all levels," Jordan wrote so disarmingly that he accidentally left the first draft of his memo in someone's Washington office—but it was returned.

After moving into the White House, he has continued the flow of political advice, constantly reminding the President to view policy decisions through a political prism.

Carter's chief political adviser is also one of his chief foreign-policy advisers. Perhaps Jordan's toughest responsibility is helping to coordinate America's peace efforts in the Middle East. When he got this assignment, he had never been to that part of the world and knew little about it. "Trying to come to terms with the issues involved, Jordan asked a fellow wanderer—"Are the Palestinians the big guys or Israel?" The wanderer said that was one way to look at it, but "Now I get it," Jordan said confidently.

Jordan is also working on the several talks with the Russians (SALT).

People say they like Jordan but don't feel they know him. Which may be why they like him.

need to get away from what he calls the red mire of parties from time to time. A part of him was always looking for a place to retreat to, a quiet place, a secret place. Jay Byck and Hamilton Jordan were always planning to retreat into the mountains with a lot of the Harvard Club for company. They did go up into the mountains near Clayton once, but the dream of life in a cabin in the wilderness lasted only a few days. Then they came down.

Jordan did, however, spend a part of his college days living in a cabin in the woods. It wasn't high in the mountains but it was isolated. A creek ran underneath the cabin floor.

The need to get away has stayed with Jordan over the years. When Jimmy Carter was governor of Georgia, Jordan as one part kept a headmaster office with no one on the door—apart from a number. In a sense, this office was his hideout. When Carter won the Presidency, Jordan had another hideout office during the transition. Almost everyone in Washington thought he was in his office when at the transition headquarters in the old H. R. W. building, but he wasn't. Jordan secretly spent most of his time hiding across town in the Democratic National Committee. Almost the only people he knew he was there with were wife, Charles Keble and the President-elect.

Today Jordan's White House office is well-circled—in by a fence, multi-Secret Service men and secretaries—that he doesn't need a secret office. His privacy seems to have a sense of humor. For Jordan now sits in H.R. Hallinan's old office, the most disgraced man in White House history occupies the most organized. These days Jordan's office sits standing in a window of his well-protected office giving the finger to passersby. Although the address of his current office is well-known—1666 Pennsylvania Avenue—Jordan has tried to keep his home address secret. The was unsure how close where he lived with his wife, Nancy. When they separated in January, he openly moved into a hotel. "But I was going broke," he complained. So he moved in with a couple of friends. Jordan told me where he is now living but asked me to keep it a secret. "I'd be getting calls there. And people would start showing up there. I don't want people peering in on me out there. I prefer not to go into my hiding place, but I'm like a good old cat in a hat." The Washington Star recently revealed his new namesake names: Jerry Ralpheese and Pat Cadillac. Jordan is back in the butterfly house. Back in the boys' den. When I asked Ralpheese what sort of

roommate Jordan made, he said: "He makes Pat look nice!"

Jordan's various physical indiscretions would seem to correspond to the private indiscretions he has derived for himself all his life. For he has always erected barriers to protect his inner self.

When I asked Rosalind Thomas, who grew up across the street from Jordan's house, what sort of these barriers, she said: "Oh, sure. It's a great defense, a way of maintaining distance. He doesn't want to reveal how he feels. He's always been that way. He doesn't let you in. Everyone who loves him loves him a little better. It's difficult to know what Hamilton needs. I've worried about him."

"He's always been an elusive figure for me," said Betty Rasmussen, who works on Jordan's White House staff. "I think he has done an excellent job of not revealing a very personal side of himself. He isn't a clown. He always loved clowns because clowns have a particular pathos. Underneath the clown is a real person that is different from the clown that keeps people amused."

A lot of people say they like Jordan but don't feel they know him. Which may be a part of why they like him. Almost everyone loves a mystery. And he remains a mystery because he keeps people far enough away so that they can't see his inner corrective vision—or whatever other private faith he is concealing.

Accidental Meeting

Somewhere along the way I crossed paths with Jimmy Carter; Jordan remained. So this happened more by accident than by design. I met Jimmy on '66. I was working that summer springing newspapers. Some decent federal project. If we could ever find it, we'd show it. It was a stupid damn thing.

While Jordan was guarding mosquitoes through Georgia's swarms of gubernatorial candidates was pursuing voters. "A bunch of hard-line segregationists were running. So I decided I wasn't going to be involved in it. And then I heard about this guy Jimmy Carter from Plains. Nobody knew who he was but he was good. They had this thing at the Elks Club for people to meet Jimmy Carter. I went to see him. And he had really not gotten his act together. He gave this terrible speech. Kind of rambling. You felt the guy had never stood up before a group of people."

But then he asked questions and answers. And his sincerity really came off. So I was kind of fascinated by him because I knew he was a farmer. And so I didn't like what I was doing, and I wrote him a long letter saying, "Thanks who I am, and this is what I think I can do for you."

And can I help you? Three or four days later he called me and said come on up."

Of course, Jimmy Carter lost in 1966, but he ran again in 1976. Jordan was his job as a full collector for the Citizens and Southern National Bank in Atlanta to become Carter's campaign manager. It was at the point that the campaign manager realized he would never be a candidate himself. Back in high school, he had told friends he would be governor someday.

"After being involved in a couple of Jimmy Carter's campaigns," Jordan told me, "I know that's not for me. You have to tell people you don't like them or break people. And all that kind of crap. It just doesn't appeal to me. I've just not made like that. I have to do some of that in this work. To have to do it all the time, I just couldn't." Hamilton Jordan was saying that he is not made like Jimmy Carter.

You have to say, if you're going to run for office, that you're gonna go out and make speeches at civic clubs and do a lot of things that I consider not degrading but at least difficult personally for me to do."

So you for office, you have to arrange from your hideout. As campaign manager, Jordan could—and did—spread most of his time back in headquarters.

Occasionally during the '76 campaign, Jordan's chronic need to go into hiding led to some controversy. Once he was hiding in a motel in Orlando when Ashlee Snow's Hunter Thompson came looking for him, Jordan had promised Thompson an airborne interview with Carter as a fight from Orlando to Chicago, but the candidate decided to take a nap instead. So Thompson flew right back to Orlando. With all the fury of a journalist's scorn, he was going to get Jordan.

When Thompson reached the motel where his group was based up, he started asking Jordan's room from the lobby. But there was no answer. He was neither the first nor the last reporter to have trouble reaching Jordan by phone. Hanging up, Thompson stood up to the room, where he poured himself first a cold beer. And then he sat the door open. He was determined to smoke the sometimes reclusive campaign manager out of his hideout. Jordan and an unidentified woman came screaming out of the room.

Occasionally Jordan's personal evasions caused more serious campaign problems. One former campaign worker told me: "I think Hamilton is a guy who has shied in politics but he is one of the most resource people I've ever met. One problem in the presidential campaign was that he drove out people with indepen-

Right: The President of the United States, chief of staff Hamilton Jordan, relates with a photographer.

Photograph by Clark Robinson

A reporter says of the Carter team: "Hamilton and Jody are the other side of the smile."

deal ability. So what he had were people who were newspaper or totally loyal to Hamilton. Mostly kids. He hired a woman as a scheduler who also loved the campaign for him.

To a certain extent he has carried this intimacy with himself as the White House. Whenever inside him rises too high, they have suffered a fall. Jack Warner ran the television and hoped to run the Office of Management and Budget. But Jordan refused his move to Secretary of the Cabinet. Gang Schickman, who served as one's helmsman during the campaign, stayed on the verge of grandiose in the press, but afterwards, he was humbled to the position of Director of White House Press. And even National Security Advisor Zbigniew Brzezinski reportedly fears Jordan, who calls him Woody Woodpecker. The people who seem to be the best at the White House are totally loyal to Jordan.

Calling Hamilton Jordan

Almost everyone in Washington complains that it is easier to get Jimmy Carter to return their phone calls than it is to get Hamilton Jordan to call them back. In general, Washington takes this personally, but Jordan has always been hard to reach. And the people he doesn't call back are not confined to Washington.

When Ed friend Tommy Malone called from Albany, he was told by Jordan was not available. He left a message. But Jordan did not call back. So Tommy's mother called to Hamilton's mother, who called her son. After Hamilton talked to his mother—he still calls her Beth—he had his secretary pick up the call to Tommy to make an appointment to talk. Which suggests a way to breach the wall. Maybe all those donations and congressional who want to reach Jordan should call his mother. Jordan is at the Hill.

Jordan's not returning calls to people on the Hill is a deliberate policy, according to White House sources. This strategy is designed to force the country's congressmen and Senators to call Frank Moore, who is effectively in charge of liaison with the Hill. Even though the Carter Administration knows Moore is not well liked on the Hill, the message is supposed to be, Moore or nobody.

When I asked him to repeat such a tale of congressional back, Jordan's answer, "That's not my job," made it a lot more funny by the late Freddie Prince. He thought for a moment and added, "You ought to talk to some of those guys sometimes. And be laughed. The latest report is I'd better be hard late getting cleaned for anything." The problem is that

the Carter Administration is also having a great deal of trouble getting its bills considered.

Jordan enjoys talking to reporters about as much as he enjoys talking to congressmen. He gives the impression of believing both groups are about equally bright.

I get into a lot of different things here," Jordan told me. "Some of it's challenging, and some of it's not. Like that three press conference yesterday, which is unusual. Depending on who the interviewer is, that sometimes can be stimulating. But given the nature of most people in the press, it's not. They ask dumb questions."

Still, reporters generally like to talk to him because he is funny and because he plays to hard to go.

Pyramids Along the Potomac

"Well, you know I have this outrageous personality because I'm basically shy and I don't want people to get very close to me," Jordan said. "There may be a little truth in that."

As all the world knows by now, Hamilton Jordan's personality was never more outrageous than on the evening of Barbara Walters' party for the ambassadors of Israel and Egypt. Jordan started drinking before he arrived at the fête. Perhaps he felt the need for some sort of protective barrier, a room filled with alcohol.

One guest at the party, who professes to know some secrets, reveals the evening in considerable detail. This anonymous guest was seated at Jordan's table, but against Mrs. Ashraf Ghobrial, the wife of the Egyptian ambassador, who was Jordan was flanked on his left by Vivian Chait, the wife of the Israeli ambassador, and on his right by Ann Arledge, the wife of the head of ABC Sports/News. As the wine bottles were passed, Jordan thoughtfully mingled his oral smother.

At that point in the dinner, Jordan said, "This administration has to take a pin, thereby proving that its personality isn't exclusively oral." (Evidently this subject often came up when Jordan is in a social situation. One of his Georgia friends told *The Washington Star*, "It's like all day if he didn't like you, he was the type of person who would do an unimpeachable thing to a glass of whiskey and offer you a drink." When I asked one White House correspondent what he thought of Jordan, he said, "He's a pouter.")

When he had done as advertised, Jordan returned to his place between Mrs. Diarr and Mrs. Arledge. Toward the end of the evening, Barbara Walters became concerned about another wife in the party, Mrs. Ghobrial. So she was playing up attention to the Egyptian ambassa-

dor's wife. So Mrs. Walters collected Mrs. Ghobrial and escorted her over to Jordan's table. There Mrs. Ghobrial was exchanged for Mrs. Arledge. Now Hamilton Jordan, one of the principal mediators seeking peace in the Middle East, was seated between the Egyptian ambassador's wife and the Israeli ambassador's wife. Which was really the new administration's job. The guests did not have to wait long to find out.

While all eyes at the table were still trained on the new arrival, Hamilton Jordan ended some of his for all the problems of war in the world to Mrs. Ghobrial. He raised gently at her husband and looked down his dress. In diplomatic language, it was a mixture of symbolic glances and actual glances, according to the anonymous guest, but fingers really did touch cloth. While he and everyone's attention, Jordan uttered his essential sentence: "I've just seen the two pyramids of Egypt."

At least this secret, his play of using humor as a defense broke him. In fact, it had quite the reverse effect, leaving him open to attack. He had challenged Washington to love him in spite of his bad manners, but Washington refused the dare. He had left his husband to come over on the Washington state and Washington laughed at his funny story.

At this would only be a passing anecdote if it didn't have far-reaching implications—and characteristic reverberations.

"If you asked the women around here, 'Is this a clue?', Jordan would say, 'my French is the worst probably be one to one that I am. Or maybe even worse.'"

"That's right," I said but

Jordan already wanted to be kind of proud of the administration.

"With women he works on two levels," said one woman. "Politically, he knows there have to be more women in government. In friendships during the transition, he would rather work. That's the exact, political Hamilton. On the other hand, he's one of the most fragile male chauvinists I've ever known. And Jody is too. They think women aren't actually bright. They want them to stay home and make girls and babies."

This woman went on to say that Jordan has probably increased the number of women in the administration, but that he does not use them once they are in power.

Hamilton also treated my woman like an equal," she continued. "He knows he never treated his wife like one. After all, you're treating your wife with a fair amount of contempt when you make a public speech of yourself. Why does he treat his short change? You can't have too good an opinion of yourself if you

MEN WANTED for location parties. Small wages, later odd long months of complete darkness, constant danger, safe room doubtful. Honor and magnanimity at cost of reason.

That message appeared more than 70 years ago for an expedition to the South Pole. Today there's a new meaning to adventure, a new meaning to success. And a new magazine that explores this uncharted territory. It's *ESQUIRE*. Not just a new issue. But a whole new magazine. For the whole new man.

What's he like? How does he look, feel, think? What's important to him and how does he get it? In his search for new dimensions of mind, body, spirit, how can he best enjoy being a man?

It's to answer these questions that *Esquire* is undergoing a major transformation. Each issue will invite you to take a giant leap into the adventure of being a man today. Vital information, creative ideas, visual and verbal pleasures—everything, in fact, that would interest the man who dares to take on the challenge of change. So much is happening—and so quickly—that the new *Esquire* will now come to you every two weeks.

At the helm, a new editor, the magazine world's brilliant innovator, Clay Felker. For graphic excellence: design director Milton Glaser. On the staff, such leading journalists as Richard Reeves, reporting on the Washington political scene... Nora Ephron on culture everywhere... Adam Smith on money and power... John Simon on the English language... Alfred Kazan on the literary world... Gail Sheehy on behavior. *Esquire's* great literary heritage will be carried on by such eminent writers as Truman Capote, William Styron, Norman Mailer—and dozens more.

Wine, travel, fashion, home furnishings, health and fitness, sports, movies, the arts... all focused on enriching every aspect of day-to-day living, at work, at play, at home.

It's a journey over new terrain, bringing new triumphs. For a certain kind of man, there's no turning back. The man who wants the most out of living. Who won't settle for less. If you're ready for it, *Esquire's* ready for you.

ESQUIRE
For the man who wants more out of life

SUBSCRIBE NOW.

SAVE \$16.55 OFF THE NEWSSTAND PRICE!

☐ Yes! Send me 26 fortnightly issues for just \$15.95. This basic one-year price saves me \$16.55 off the \$32.50 annual newsstand cost.

Name _____

Residence _____

City _____

State _____

☐ Bill me later ☐ Payment enclosed

Charge my ☐ American Express

☐ BankAmericard/VISA

☐ Master Charge

Cardholder's _____

Exp. date _____

Signature _____

Send no money now. U.S. only. \$16.55 off in Canada. \$17 per year. Please allow 4-6 weeks for start of service.



When Jordan lived in his car, his messiness led to a problem. Hamilton Jordan's car had mice.

have to keep paying her attractive pay rate. I've seen him in a public place all over a lady."

Several people claim to have seen him in this condition, especially at Sandfield's, a singles bar that is as close to being a Georgia fraternity house as anything Washington has offered. It's crowded, the rock music is deafening and most of the women are in eb. About six weeks after his comments about the Egyptian pyramids, Jordan's mouth reportedly got him into trouble again.

According to *The Washington Post* Magazine, Jordan rubbed the back of an "attractive advertising copywriter" last day became annoyed. Then the car ride split a mouthful of drink down the front of the woman's blouse. When she protested,

days in. Take, for example, what happened to Anne Lebowitz, who photographed Jordan and Powell for *Rolling Stone* magazine. Jordan's car, she recalled them to dress up like Bush Cassidy and the Sandcastle Kid. In the 300's tenth anniversary issue, published last year, she is quoted as follows: "Hamilton Jordan was fantastic. By the end of the day, he was springing for drinks at me." If you agree, Ham.

And tell Eleanor Randolph, who said that when she was covering the campaign for the *Chicago Tribune*, she witnessed Jordan spring rascals over the band of the Ashcroft Commission's Jim Merriner. Randolph, who grew up in the South, observed, "People in my neigh-

hood had spring contacts. Maybe it's a southern trait." Jordan was going to be somewhere, they always made sure there was someone to keep him company. That was a part of "behaving" the type. And when male politicians traveled to Carter campaign headquarters in Atlanta, his staff would ask if they wanted female companions. When they asked a certain Boston politician if he wanted a woman, he said he already had a companion: he was coming to Atlanta with a priest.

"The *Georgia Media* are all chauvinists," said one of Jordan's former secretaries. "I don't think they like women. It's that southern attitude about women belonging in the kitchen. Hamilton is a heavy sleeper. Sometimes he doesn't like to be lonely. Cole."

Ronald Thomas, who grew up with Jordan, says Jordan had during these high school days at Athens. She didn't have a very good time. He made sure of that.

"He was a shit," she recalled. "He called me fifteen minutes ahead of time and asked if I wanted to go to the dance. I said I could go but I couldn't eat or drink anything because I was going to have my wisdom teeth out the next morning. He said that was fine with him. He got a huge bag of popcorn. A huge Coke. He kept saying that while they were waiting. You want some, don't you want some?"

After the movie, he took her to a drive-in restaurant and bought the most disgusting food on the menu. Everything fresh. Hamsters. Fred comes.

It couldn't go on.
Then he took her home.
"He made me feel like the most boring date ever. So mediocre."

And yet the first issue *Rolling Stone* Thomas, who now works for the Department of Labor, visited Jordan's car. White House officer, he played by showed him a list of all the women hired by the Carter Administration.

It was just a list of names. Jordan told me, "Jordan told me. And then he added indignation, 'Around here I try to deal with women as equals if I look on them as equals.'"

In an endless whether Jordan treats his women as an equal. She is a conservative. Jordan told me. And then he added indignation, "Around here I try to deal with women as equals if I look on them as equals."

In the French Quarter, the boys find Jordan up with a Playboy bunny—which was not the last time he would be found up. A woman who worked on the campaign remembered those presidential campaign

Before Jordan said "I have just seen the twin pyramids of Egypt," fingers did touch cloth.

who grew up nearby about his appearance would probably be most accurate in front of girls. His attitude toward women may have been locked in a kind of steel house since childhood.

While Jordan and I talked about women, the office stories played Romy's *Korshak's* *St. Nicholas*. I asked if he had more had any special meaning to him.

"I had the Egyptian ambassador here yesterday," he explained. "I thought it would be good background music."

Of course. Subtlety. The values, which would normally remain in the White House, were not.

"How did the ambassador like it?" I asked.

"I don't think he recognized it," Jordan said.

Did you mention anything to him about the map?" I wanted to know.

Jordan hesitated before answering, not wanting to stir up the whole controversy again. All along he has denied that he did or said what witnesses have said he did or said. And the Egyptian ambassador and his wife have adamantly declined to remember the incident.

Well, he was very gracious. Jordan said at last. "I just told him I'd written to him with a letter. And oh, and oh. I just told him that I appreciated the process was that they had responded to all this. That I was sorry we had both been put through it. He's a real gentleman. He's coming back today. He's out there right now. He's already played on."

Vicarious Blunder

I think maybe he lives vicariously through Judy and myself," Jordan said. "He is very disciplined and very rigid in terms of his schedule. Being rigid. Taking care of his personal appearance. It is very different. Judy is, as well. If you look at the contrast in terms of our life styles, there is a pretty wide contrast. Maybe he would be more comfortable being a man. I can't do much. Maybe every once in a while he does but he's not as disciplined as he is."

A reporter who has covered the Carter team for years says, "Hamilton and Judy are the other side of the coin."

Many Washington observers have assumed that Jimmy Carter has been exasperated by Jordan's highly publicized antics. They've noticed the moralizing President calling in his evening aide and telling him to retire. But there is no evidence that this has happened. In fact, the reverse may well be true.

The psychobabble with which I discussed Jordan's car said that Carter may be indirectly encouraging his office to

be outrageous. For the sake may feel that his relationship with the President depends on just as being out of the bottom of his reputation. Jordan may believe that if he were to change—he got engaged, to drop his resentment to grow up—he might end up eating his secret food to the President.

One theory is that every administration has a dark figure. Hamilton Jordan told me. I'm the dark figure. Maybe I'm up in the dark, say, the dark figure of this administration.

It was right after the Egyptian pyramids incident that the President promoted Jordan and named him White House coordinator. One of his first acts was to write a memo about the White House staff and life in it.

Spender might have been better off if he had stopped that 1977 birthday party thrown for him by Tongue Park. But perhaps there is some moral ground between the two extremes personified by O'Neill on the one hand and Jordan on the other. Who knows? If Jordan was to go to know O'Neill socially, personally, the Spender might stop calling him Hamilton Jordan. And maybe the administration's life would become a more friendly reception. It's one thing to live in an anti-Washington campaign but another to provide over an anti-Congress protest. It's just one thing. It's not working.

My eye was caught by a mysterious dark shadow in the background. These strange symbols and numbers on the screen. And there were names of places.



he get again, this time over the top of someone else's hand, and not managed to let the pyramids. He she stopped the man who often describes himself as being the second most powerful man in the world."

The White House put out a thirty-three-page white paper denying the incident. For once, they got organized. Although the Jordan Papers maintain that no spring took place, they do admit "an unpleasant encounter with a woman at the bar," after which Jordan got sleepy. But the white paper says a woman's hair fell. The incident is quoted as follows:

"If he did sit over the car it had to be an American and cream which would have been quite a shock. I didn't see it... it's not like Scotch and water... it's cream." Well, no one ever said Jordan was new.

This story did arouse a certain sense of

horror had spring contacts. Maybe it's a southern trait.

According to the *Post's* account of the Sandfield's spring incident, Jordan introduced himself in his warden in Herby Phillips, which is the sort of back lot college crowd used to live to play. A trip to New Orleans about ten years ago started exactly the same set of characters who turned up at Sandfield's that day. Jordan's first wife, Betty Beck and John Golden. In New Orleans, Golden played the role of Russell Frawson, boy millionaire, in one bar after another. Russell Frawson annoyed everyone by sticking ten dollar bills down women's blouses.

In the French Quarter, the boys find Jordan up with a Playboy bunny—which was not the last time he would be found up. A woman who worked on the campaign remembered those presidential campaign



White House reception. The party was for Senators, so only Frank Miller's staff was invited. Just about the whole Carter staff got mad at the coordinator. That day he would have been probably been called for anything even by the White House staff. The *Washington Post's* Sally Quinn had recently accused the White House crowd of not going to Washington parties. She suggested that this uncourteous behavior was in large measure to Jordan's influence. And now Jordan's memo had attacked the man the White House crowd would never allow to go to a White House party.

Tip O'Neill, the Speaker of the House, said Sally Quinn. "The President asked me who are the problems?" and I said nobody on the Hill knows any Carter people. He's really an ass. Of course, O'Neill may be a little too soon, attacking too many parties. For instance, the

Tel Aviv, Augusta, the Oval Office. That is one of Hamilton's boys. Jordan was used to it. For keeping track of people with Secret Service protection. His attitude of a conservative might seem personally looked out of place on a compulsively disorganized. Hamilton Jordan's desk. Washington cartoonist Mark Russell once referred to Jordan as Jordanism, that's funny but it's right. Jordan is not the Hamilton figure of this administration. He's too messy. He's a Rumsfeld figure—not in terms of honesty but in terms of organization—it's Carter. And if there is a Nixon figure—not in terms of honesty but in terms of complex psyche—it's Jordan.

The Berlin Walk toward the Oval Office has come down, but a new George Wall has come up, associated with some unusual materials: humor, restaurant, sloppiness and dirty socks. 49

English Sans Footnote

The mother tongue has endured too much. No more changes, *please!*

The Hollywood screenwriter Philip Dunne has written a curiously spine-tingling piece for *Newsweek* (February 13, 1976) about what is happening to our language. While quite correctly objecting to a number of abuses—more of them chronicled in this column over the past year—Dunne nevertheless has to have it both ways. In a number of places he laments that grand school of compromise that is the movie business, Dunne apologizes for the very things he deplors: language, after all, is change and the changes "are the result of inevitable diversity over the ages." So to complain about change, any change, is both pedantic and fruitless. In spite of all the efforts of purists, it will happen, more often than not, the result will be a graceful improvement.

Dunne thereby attempts to justify hating the errors that particularly annoy him by calling them "distasteful changes" and blaming them on "bureaucracies both public and private, rather than on the sacred and unsavable American people. But after a fairly spirited philippic comes Philip Dunne's cop-out: "I'm afraid that, in spite of the efforts of the [Edward] Newman and [E.B.] White, all these little horrors are embedded in the language along with like for as, and you know." That statement is a perfect example of that weak-kneed logicism that while knowing better, often, indeed creates deterioration.

Crude John Simon writes a capsule column on English usage.

THE CONCISE
OXFORD
DICTIONARY

FINAL EDITION

First of all, we'll get nowhere by blaming "bureaucracies, guilty though they may be. Nearly every change in language dates, in fact, begins with some kind of literacy, but so literacy that is seldom, if ever, arbitrary; it is also, without exception, the act of an individual. It was not a bureaucracy public or private that first said its quote one of Mr. Dunne's examples: "Ideally, it won't rain tomorrow," or the quote one of yours, "Be brave yourself, like you should." But usage is not the invention of an Anonymous chorus of frogs croaking. "Like you should" in common life is the dirty work of private, individual know-nothings—possibly scattered across the map and committing the same breach independently but simultaneously. Still, they are all individuals and the thing could be spread in the bed, or in the bathtub. This would, however, presuppose a group of speakers who (a) knew better and (b) were not afraid of correcting an unknown—unlikely presuppositions, in this tangled, primitive, and demagogically oriented democracy of ours.

Nevertheless, ignorance, obfuscation, unnecessary change, proof-reading linguistic leveling and flattening could be stopped in its tracks by concerted effort. The fact that this has not often happened in the past is no excuse for the present. We have invented a set of fine, useful, previously unavailable tools, culminating in the Oxford English Dictionary and a number of excellent proofreaders and handbooks on grammar. While that is grammar too

Photograph by Phil Gentry

"I have my own ideas about smoking."

"I know what I like out of life. And one of the things I like is smoking. But there's no getting away from the stories I keep hearing about cigarettes and high tar."

There's also no getting away from why I smoke. I smoke for the pleasure of it. For the taste. And for enjoying a cigarette after my long day as a teacher.

Then it might when I work my other job—as a drummer—I enjoy lighting up between sets. It's part of the way I live.

For me, the dilemma was how to find a cigarette that could give me taste without high tar. And that was quite a dilemma.

Which is why I appreciate Vantage as much as I do. It's the only low-tar cigarette I've found (and I've tried several other brands)

that really gives me cigarette taste and satisfaction.

"And the Vantage filter is especially neat because it's firm yet easy drawing."

"As far as Vantage goes, my mind is made up. And that's just the way I like it."

Mike Barbano
Atlanta, Georgia



Regular Mild and Vantage, 100's

Vantage. A lot of taste without a lot of tar.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

FILTER 8 mg. "tar," 0.7 mg. nicotine.
MENTHOL 11 mg. "tar," 0.8 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.
FILTER 100's 10 mg. "tar," 0.9 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

Shakespeare's grammar was good enough for his era; however, it is not good enough for ours.

still concerned with form, not transformation, "transformational grammar" as the new trend calls itself, is indeed one of the aberrations of the academic bureaucracy, which is both public and private. Yet with the coming of the current century we found ourselves possessed of the means to slow down changes in language considerably, if not to stop them altogether.

Well, not altogether. For some things (as both wholesome and necessary) As new inventions, discoveries, concepts, come into the world, new words are needed to designate them. Cybertetics, for instance, is a new science, and its practitioners in point. Shung, too, is welcome in our place, even though it is not, generally speaking, a graceful improvement, as Duane would have it, merely an amusing and playful way to have to say something. The most useful and lasting new "concepts" are really substitutes for "existing" and "existing" but more what happens to using it means this, becomes boring, and is superseded by new saying. There is always an anticipated sound to something, and this is why. The point about things is that if it, *groove* makes a metaphor, simile, or circumlocution invented by an anonymous poet in print, it catches on for a while, eventually coming to be used by many people, and gradually fades out of the picture. It fades out faster if it is too long. The popular mouth prefers brevity. So unassailablely such as "top" or "butt" will probably never be replaced by more descriptive titles as "copper" and "bladder" and the new archaic "posterior." Shung is like a joke: funny and usable only while it is new. But one does not get tired of "pollockman," which is as basic as your best black duck and never goes out of fashion.

To strengthen our example, if I could catch ghetto speakers pronouncing 'police' as 'pōlis', and proceed to spell it in that way, there is absolutely no reason why the rest of us should start by spelling idiosyncratically and let it become first a spelling and then a pronunciation. I have no evidence of a alleged right to his ignorance. Further, these change the pronunciation and spelling (change p.c., abolish) the ghetto. A decent school can teach 'police' as easily as 'pōlis'. There are, however, standard customs enforced by well-meaning but misguided liberals or ill-meaning and susceptible ignoramuses. Some of whom would and might put the Oxford English Dictionary before the Oxford Reader. For such a reader there is, "But look at Shakespeare or Dickens, or Browning, or any other lit-

most write) who wrote X instead of the supposedly correct Y. If it's good enough for Shakespeare (or whatever), why not for you and me?"

Well, Shakespeare wrote in an age when what we call modern English was still in its formative phase. His grammar was good enough for letters. It is not good enough for cars—any more than his poetic modernism, or Latin is. As for more recent writers of discharges, their forte was not necessarily grammar, at any rate they could not even easily slip up. Such lapses were duly noted and set down somewhere with glaze, sometimes disparagingly for the record. Yet merely because we cannot match the excellence of the great writers, we need not duplicate their errors.

My parents (and I) have lived at least been sufficiently established—classified and codified—and there is neither need nor cause for change based on mere ignorance. Just because some people are too thickheaded to grasp, for example, that "anyone" is singular, as the "one" in (it)plys denotes, does not mean that the rest of us must put up with anyone else as they please. The correct form is, of course, "anyone may do as he pleases," but in America, in cultured anglo, "can" has pretty much replaced "may" in this sense, and we're entitled to mean it. I don't doubt it, but we cannot and must not let "one" become cliché. That way madness lies.

And don't let theatrical seminars convince you that it must be "as he or she pleases," which is clumsy and usually serves no other purpose than that of placing the kind of creature who does not deserve to be placated. The impersonal "he" covers both sexes, however: is a girls' school, for instance, "as she pleases" obviously makes more sense and should be used. What we must get across is that, in language, at any time, anyone may not do as he pleases.

My question to Philip Dunne is: how does just not tell a "destructive change from an 'innocent' historicity" or graceful improvement?" Let down the bottom line, please, and all of it is promptly trodden into the dust by a wampole of unenveloped illiterates and graceful disimprovers. It always begins in sight, smoothly harmless ways. An advancement for a Sassy Dactylating Transcribing Machine (why, incidentally, must the hyphen be superseded by that upstart slash?) begins, in bold print: "He thinks he's got it all. He doesn't." Clearly, that "doesn't" has no antecedent. The antecedent is, which? has shrouded the slogan must, therefore, conclude: "He has!" Otherwise it means, I can

thing. "He doesn't drink." Or consider something we hear in stationation zones every Sunday from December to April on Texaco's news broadcasts: "Texaco

who is proud to present... Texaco, a company, is manifestly not, and must be... Texaco, which is... Or, at the utmost, if you think of Texaco as the people who make it up... Texaco, who are proud...

Small motions, you say? Then consider these statements from a New York Times Op-Ed piece by Joseph A. Califano (January 25, 1978) sent to me by Rabbi Lyle Kamlet: "When I was appointed Secretary of Health, Education and Welfare, the relationship of smoking and health were not very much on my mind." A few months later, on Secretary Califano's

writes, "an urban area in California once in twenty 17-year-olds smoke and one in five 12-year-olds smoke." In the first sentence, the singular noun "relationship" requires the singular verb "was." In the second, the subject is repeatedly plural, and so requires "smoke"; the singular predicate "Let's hope that" requires California to be better at health and wealth than he is at education. But, as Robb Kammer observed in his astoundingly early career, even such "basics" may move the copy editor of *W*. Then there's the careless Mr. Calhoun.

spread. Use and not only be chosen. Thus a great many readers—bless them!—sent me favorable examples in response to my last column of what one of them (Robert E. French) calls the Great Apostrophe Plague: the bewildering insertion of apostrophes in ordinary plants. That this can lead to fatalism is confirmed by a brief but charming note from C. William Bradley Jr., which reads in late "I doubt that popular confusion of plants and personages is endemic to New Or-

leaves where the presence of boiled crabs in a restaurant's repertoire is often indicated by a Boil-Crabs sign. But certainly, no other city can boast a service station geared with the sign "Larr y 66 Service". The unfortunate man must think that like a persimmon, a demeritus demands an unseasonable before the last letter.

But Philip Thorne is willing to let it go: "all these little horrors are embedded in the language. And also goop, allowed them to become embedded." As you embed, as you shall be. Instead of an embedding, let's start unembedding. Wouldn't it be nice if half a million years from now people could read today's writers, or those children for footnotes and glossaries such as we require to read Shakespeare? ☺



The Old Way Turnbull & Atter with canvas to make a wide-collar shirt. \$15 and wide to \$15. Run it Teller. New York.

The Way We Are Arrow's latest down shirt has a shaver collar, \$18.79. Revere, Inc. 38-50. It chemical down as a col-

Way Out A very shiny polished silver 540, and absolutely top-of-the-line for only \$499. See www.kenyon.com.

FASHION

The New Shirts And Ties: Straight and Narrow

When you're buying shirts and ties this spring,
it's best to be narrow-minded.

"This is not an in-and-out fashion," says Ralph Lauren of the new narrower ties and shrinking shirt collars. "It's an evolution that will be more and more evident as all men's wear in the next couple of years." To be sure, men today are wearing an opening mix of old and

new, as the skirts and ties on this page illustrate. But to Lamm, narrower ties and shorter collars are hardly in keeping with a general attitude now developing about men's clothing. "It's more casual," he explains. "With less tie and a lower collar, a man sheds some of the bulk and stiffness of the clothes he has been used

For the more conservative man who insists on the three-and-a-quarter-inch tie, the girth is a gentle way of moving into a new look without feeling pressure.

Pay attention to this man, Ralph Lauren, remember, is the designer whose star began to rise a decade ago with his introduction of the wide tie.



Like Gatsby, many men find it hard to imagine too many shirts. But even the least fashion-conscious of observers should find something to his liking in the range of new ones in these pages—shirts with short collars, round collars, tab collars, pin collars or no collars at all. And the ties? The new ones you'll see here all average about 3½ inches in width.

1. A collar pin works well on a short collar almost anywhere. Use it to pull in the collar neatly beneath the tie. The cotton-blend shirt is *Gentle's* \$30. Tied by John Cawthon for John Menck, \$17.50. Collar pin by Bill Bliss.

2. Ralph Lauren's a pretty move in the shirt to a narrower look. Also a very tailored English short collar seen with a collar pin. The cotton shirt, \$60, and tie by \$12.50 are at The Polo Club at Saks Fifth Avenue. New York. Collar pin by David Donahue.

3. This cotton shirt by Alvin Solly for Gent is \$12.50—constructed with a pocket in the collar, must be worn with a collar pin. Tie by John Cawthon for John Menck, \$17.50. Collar pin by Bill Bliss.

4. A cotton-blend shirt by Henry for Van Heusen shows a different attractive new model collar. Wearers hold the collar shape \$13.50 at all Macy's stores. Ties of London tie by Berkeley Corvati, \$12.50.

5. A madras shirt of another stripe, the non-elastic button-down cotton shirt gets a new abbreviated collar. In Gordon of New Orleans it's \$30 at Lord & Taylor, New York; Neiman-Marcus, Dallas; Bullock's, Los Angeles. Tied by Bert Fletcher, \$13.

6. Alexandre Dubaut's meticulously styled shirt represents a designer's variation on the short collar. The cotton shirt, \$45, and tie by \$20, are at Barneys, New York; Brittain's, Chicago; Wilkies, Berkeley, San Francisco.

7. If you want to be noticed, wear silk. Brooks of London offers this silk shirt with the smoothest of collars as a narrower neckband. The shirt, \$130, and wool fringe tie, \$38, are at B. Altman, New York; Neiman-Marcus, Dallas; Joseph Magnin, San Francisco.

8. A tab collar makes for a crisp look, the tab neatly framing the tie. The cotton-blend shirt by Don Rubbin, \$17, can be found at Macy's, New York. Tie by Berkeley Corvati, \$12.50.

9. When it comes to ties, Calvin Klein balances uniqueness with classicism. The shirt is \$10 at Davison's, Minneapolis; J.W. Robinson's, Los Angeles. Tied by Calvin Klein, \$15.

10. It's not likely that the shirt and tie will be replaced, but the popular collarless shirt will be showing up under coats this summer. Don Rubbin's cotton-blend version, \$40. Alexandre & Simon, Brooklyn.



A Brat You'll Love Before you hit the road this summer, check out the spunky Subaru BRAT our screens for Bi-Done Recreation All-Terrain Transporter. The BRAT incorporates four-wheel drive in an open-back passenger car with two rear-facing seats in the cargo bed. Shift in or out of the four-wheel system at any speed. Accessories include a fiber glass camper shell and a soft-top canvas roof. \$4,329.



Soft-Ball Solution The Shet restores up to 360 mushy tennis balls without chemicals. Just the pressure, insert a needle and press. \$59.95. Petco, New York; Ross Atlanta; San Francisco.



For Openers Screw this heavy-duty compact to a table and open any size can. It's \$48 at Moskowitz Ad Hoc Home-ware, 842 Lexington Ave., New York.



Benevolent Riders Schauder radon measure is ash, acrylic, pins or spike scales. \$12.95 each. A. I. Friedman, New York; Lutzgraph, Kansas City, Mo.



Now Hear This Something a bit special for your car, boat or airplane. This sound system, a Nakamichi 250 cassette player (\$550) and AD56 2000 speakers (\$449.95), offers such refinements as Dolby noise reduction and phyllaxis equalization. Beverly Sound, New York; Home Entertainment, Houston; Sound Center, Beverly Hills.



Water Safety Inflatable and shock-resistant pouch is handy for keeping contents, rent and ride on shore and dry on Ebbage or sailing outings. It's \$19.95 at Spinnaker, Niles, Ill. (near Chicago); Camera Barn, New York; Fox Photo, San Antonio; Wolf Camera, Atlanta; Pinecone Sports, San Francisco.



Tripping Lightly Toppers, bikers and bikers—take safety into your new back with this Sup-A-Lite fluorescent reflective sports gear. Lightweight, durable and washable, the vest, headband and leg bands are \$17 (plus \$1.75 postage). Order from Sportsmaxx, 1155 Trafton Dr., Foster City, Calif. 94404.



Weighing In Watch pounds or kilos with this battery-operated digital scale. \$180 at Lord & Taylor, New York; Marshall Field, Chicago; Burdines, Miami.



Learning Experience The B-X 100 is an electronic circuit kit that allows you to build a number of projects, including a transistor radio, a microphone, a water, metal or ice detector. Movable blocks complete the electronic circuits. The kit can be ordered by mail for \$32.95 (plus \$2.25 postage) from Chris-Craft, Algonquin, Mich. 48008.

How good the new *Sun-Times* is—and it's quite good now—really depends on the will of the people who happen to be named Field.

(Continued from page 90) the *Sun-Times* are fairly well matched—to begin with, they are both staffed with the same print, radio and television promotion they launched in late February in a expansion against *News* over the *Daily News's* late 1980 readers. Both sides estimated that there were perhaps 150,000 of these hard-core *News* loyalists who would react to a morning paper.

The slickening of the *Sun-Times* before the announcement that the *Daily News* was closing. In fact, the *Tribune* may have deliberately tried to force *Field* into a price—which owned both the *News* and the *Sun-Times*—to fold in afternoon paper. Undoubtedly this year, the *Tribune* was spending on a twenty-four hour newspaper, with an afternoon edition—its "seven-to-ten"—competing directly with the *Daily News*. But, in many modern competitive situations, there was some mutually profitable cooperation. The *News* and the seven a.m. should after work delivery units. Then the *Tribune* dropped the seven a.m., leaving the *News* on its own and subsequently increasing the \$11 million-a-year loss the afternoon paper was causing. *Field* says optimists. (The *Sun-Times* has a reported annual profit of \$12 million.)

On February 6, *Field* announced that the *Daily News* would be closing. Both the *Sun-Times* and the *Tribune* began massive promotion campaigns. The final editions of the *Daily News* carried *Sun-Times* advertisements on almost every page, including a regular two-page spread under the headline: STARTING MONDAY, MARCH 4, YOU GET IT ALL TOGETHER IN THE NEW SUN-TIMES. MORE STORIES. A SECTION MORE COMEY. A STAFF. The rates who switched to the morning paper and the columns, car loans and repairs unit, in a class by himself. Mike Royle—seven *Tribune* executives licensed Royle to take a maximum of 15,000 readers with him.

The *Tribune*, which began its promotion on television, also did some radio—asking, among other people, the *Daily News's* respected Washington bureau chief, Raymond Coffey.

"Today your *Daily News* favorite," said the *Tribune*, but the *Tribune* also promoted itself as the "central" for the *Daily News's* daily 182 year tradition—Elliott Palmer Press—and that claim was not without justification because the *Tribune* may now be the second-best paper in the country. "I'm not sure who believes that," says two dozen of newspapers at the top in America. The *New York Times*, and the

others. Of the others, the *Tribune*, which has come a long, long way from its old big-wing days, is at least an even bet against its principal rivals for postage. The *Washington Post* and the *Los Angeles Times*.

The *Tribune*, whose parent corporation also owns the *New York Daily News*, has a head start in the final move. Its circulation is now over 700,000, it has a forty-year-old or better level of advertising sales, and it has an editorial staff of five hundred. The *Sun-Times*, which has a larger readership within the city limits, has a total circulation of just less than 600,000, and its editorial staff of almost three hundred.

In fact, the *Tribune's* edge may be bigger than these statistics. It is the full-size, upscale paper— *Tribune* readers make more money—with the heavy suburban circulation favored by advertisers, and it has some production and distribution advantages over the tabloid *Sun-Times*. And the *Sun-Times* has to live with the bitter aftermath of the *Daily News's* closing. Most reporters I talked with in Chicago believe that either Hage, who was in editorial command of both *Field* papers, or publisher Marshall *Field* V. mailed them for months about the *Daily News's* prospects for survival and then brazenly closed the most of both the *News* and the *Sun-Times* in the manner of a machine putting together one workable automobile with the parts of two old cars. The 447 editors employed in both papers lost their jobs, and the new *Sun-Times* tended to keep the younger (and lower paid) staff members, leaving a lot of old hands, regardless of whether they had worked for the failed *Daily News* or the profitable *Sun-Times* before March 4. To make things even worse, it turned out that the final print of the *Field* papers' was on contracts stipulated that severance pay could be taken from the employee pension funds—so the loss in the immediate employment contract helped pay their own severance.

All that shows, and may still show, when I have known for more than ten years, is a new called The Hoge Brother of the World. He didn't look like a man who could run a paper, but he had the other day. His face was obvious, more accurate than what comes from a couple of bad days, and he talked about it well, about market shares and positioning. McCreesh and others at the *Tribune* seemed ready and anxious, they talked about quality. It looks down to what's in the paper: the *Tribune* editor said "You can get in work selling a good

paper, but first you better have a bloody good paper." (McCreesh is a bloody Australian.)

How good the new *Sun-Times* is—and it's quite good now, in fact sometimes obscured because people don't expect quality (although—really depends on the will of the people named *Field*). One of the conditions of control is that the *Tribune* people will be spending corporate money and the *Field* will be spending their own. The compounded legacy of the original Marshall *Field*, who left his family \$100 million in 1908. Railroad, department stores and hotels were the source, the *Field* was then passed on just by his great-grandson Marshall V. They all started out with nothing in those days, and the biggest credit was I was just lucky to come from a line of successful crooks.

At this point, Harold Robbins should take up the tale. The old crook's grandson, Marshall III, went into the Chicago newspaper business in 1948, persuaded by his friend Franklin D. Roosevelt that Chicago needed a newspaper in the middle wing trumpeting of Colonel Robert McCormack's *Tribune*. Then, after the *Field* bought the *Daily News* in 1939, it all came down to thirty-six-year-old Marshall V.—at the time still just a kid. When it happened in June, said the *Tribune*, *Field*, the son of Marshall III by a later marriage, calculated his twenty-fifth birthday and inherited his shares of the privately held *Field* Enterprises—the same number of shares inherited by his half brother, Marshall V.

There is a distinct possibility that if there is anything better than being a twenty-five-year-old reporter in Chicago, it is being a twenty-five-year-old *Field* in California. Ted lives in Palmdale, Calif., takes journalists and political science courses at Pomona College and races cars at places like Daytona and Watkins Glen. He is, by the account of friends, a terrific young man who likes newspapers more and profits less than Marshall V. For his latest inheritance, in fact, he inherited \$1 million of his own money in the *Achenbach Daily News* the *Palmdale Press*—a weekly Alaska paper published by his mother. But he has the *Field* to do: the *Field* is in Chicago. He won't leave California and exercises his influence through attorney Newton Milne, a former chairman of the Federal Communications Commission.

"I don't want to be famous," said Ted, who has probably characterized Marshall V. as a loose-limbed crook. "I don't feel I have to be a public figure. I'm just a

twenty-five-year-old guy doing what he likes to do and planning a future."

While washing him back in the future, I think the *Sun-Times* is in real danger of being driven quickly into an acceptable and delectable second place, then something with the temptation to go downscale as a search for easy profit. Still, if this be so, the *Sun-Times* is the paper I'd rather work for—if my legs were still good enough to work that hard. It's just more fun to be the underdog. I worked *Sunday* on the *New York World Tribune*—there seemed to be only about a dozen of us, trying to put out a better paper than *The Tribune*. And some days we did, some days we did.

There were few, if any, editors of the *Monday Tribune* put together without trying to figure out what *The Tribune* was doing. God help you if you got lost. When I was in the Albany house of the *Field*, we would have dinner most nights with the guys from the *Tribune*—reporters from New York City's class newspapers only matched and matched with one another. At top of the two, the two best writers went to the press plant for a bar named The Ambassador and called their editors, who were awaiting the early edition of the competition.

One of the chads—either Richard Minkler of the *Tribune* or James Lyle of the *Tribune*—would come back looking. That was the signal for the rest of the other bureau to go back to a New York Star's old, dark capital to begin working up. Another mark from those days was to hold exclusive stories until the final daily edition, so that the bad guys couldn't catch up. The best thing I heard in Chicago came from a young reporter from the *Sun-Times* and that was of his first job, just behind for later edition so that the *Tribune* would look a little foolish. "I didn't know papers did that," he said. "It was fun."

Whatever the books and the Column by Graham School of Journalism say, it's fun—fun and excitement. Proven misanthrope. Unless you're Ted *Field* and your future is pretty solid. But the future is not on your mind when you're a kid, and the phone rings at five thirty in the morning.

"Dick, it's Fred"—Fred was Fred Clout of the *Minneapolis Daily Herald*. "There's a matter in Madison. A good one. A kid born in his father's bed with a longer bottom than the dad. Left his mother and married in with his secretary."

"What?"

"About midnight."

"Midnight? For Christmas, why did you wait until now?" I've only got two hours.

"Well, I know. I've been here for five hours. I wanted to see whether you'd be as good as you say you are." ☐

Of the 5 Great Liqueurs in the world only one is made in America. Wild Turkey Liqueur.



Scotland has Drambuie. Ireland has Irish Mist. France has Cognac and B&B.

Now America can boast its own great native liqueur: Wild Turkey Liqueur created in Kentucky by the originators of America's finest native whiskeys, Wild Turkey.

Wild Turkey Liqueur is the "sippin' sweet cream" of liqueurs. It's made to be savored slowly after dinner. Or as a mellow accompaniment to an evening's conversation. You've tasted the great liqueurs of Europe. Now taste America's great one—Wild Turkey Liqueur.

The Last Newspaper War

If this reporter were twenty-five today, he'd want to be in Chicago

In 1964, if you were unlucky enough to have an accident late at night on the highway off Morris County, New Jersey, you would probably wake up with what was left of you remodeled by a half dozen or so young men trying to get the story of your life. That year, one New Jersey truck driver (who never did wake up) died; let us see the doctors and nurses drag away one of us, a young reporter who was heading over his hospital bed yelling "Mr. Mahoney! Mr. Mahoney!" Then Ken Karsenbender of *The Daily Record*, Mr. Mahoney, then Ken Karsenbender.

That was the *Manhattan Daily Record*, the paper that later that year changed its name to *The New York Times*. It was a newspaper reporter with a long "a" looking "sensationalism" for breaking into a Rockaway school to read school-board minutes. The *Times* reporter, who didn't actually read the records, was named Richard Reeves.

These were, in many ways, the best years of my life: to be young and to be a newspaper reporter. Living in twenty-five police miles at once, at—poking for a murder but willing to settle for a hot dog. Grabbing up every photograph of the society—and usually violently—denounced out of the family when it was there would be some left when the competition got there. Seeing all these things done at the Ludlow Hotel, talking about how someday we were going to go to New York or Washington, maybe just to Newark. Asking the doctors to tell us again what it had been like the time he sat next to Bloomer Bagart of *The New York Times* at a press conference in Trenton.

Two years later, almost miraculously, and partly because of the story I got that

Esquire magazine's national editor, Richard Reeves, who is based in Washington, D.C., has written three books on American politics.



night on Rockaway, I was sitting at Bagart's club at *The Times*. It was my first day on Forty-third Street, and I just wanted to use what I looked like from the first desk in the first row, sitting in the place of a man who had won two Pulitzer Prizes. Unfortunately, Bagart suddenly looked over me and said one word: "Up!" He didn't talk to me again for a year.

I could go on forever. God, the night a lady was reported missing in Randolph Township and Dean Singleton and I thought we had a kidnapping. We go to this lady's house at three o'clock in the morning and she says the door was ajar. A black evening gown and pants on top the room lit by candles and... Anyway, I hear it has all changed now out in Jersey. The *New York Times* is gone and newspaper people are talking about market shares and positioning and the consumer climate. The point I want to make at the beginning was that if I were a twenty-

five-year-old reporter today I'd try to get to Chicago.

"It's going to be a war," said James Hoge, the editor in chief of the *Chicago Sun-Times*. "I'd call it an interesting competitive situation," said Maxwell McCrohan, the managing editor of the *Chicago Tribune*. There are eight newspapers mentioned in the *Chicago Press*. With the closing of the *Chicago Daily News* on March 4, there are two left. Two good morning papers posted for a head-on confrontation, probably the last great newspaper war in America.

Competition was the reason they called newspapering a game. Without it, editors turned increasingly to "creative tensions," a euphemism for pitting your own people against one another, you ought as well all surrender and get a free trip to Washington for selling more policies. It's no game in Chicago, but it should be for a while. *The Tribune* and (Continued on page 16)

"The Chicago Daily News was the last victim of the elements—downward traffic jams, television, suburban newspapers—that have destroyed or crippled most metropolitan afternoon dailies and left morning newspapers dominating most of America's largest cities. Commercialism, however, has also eliminated weaker morning dailies in the past where only Chicago, New York and Boston have some kind of morning competition. In New York, The Times and the Daily News long ago adopted essentially separate orientations. In Boston, The Herald-American barely hangs in against the dominant Globe. There is one afternoon battle in the country—in San Antonio, between The Mirror and the Light. But the majority of papers, Murdoch, the American is monopolized, an owner of the News has reduced its reporting to a level suitable for family reading."

Illustration by David Levine



Jameson Irish
"Scotch on the rocks."

If you like Scotch, you'll love light Jameson Irish.

Try a glass of Jameson Irish the way you would your favorite Scotch.

You'll notice how much it tastes like fine Scotch—only lighter and more

delicate. Not smoky tasting like Scotch.

The dedicated Scotch drinker will instantly appreciate this flavor difference.

Though it may take a little time getting used to saying, "Jameson Irish on the rocks, please."

Jameson, World's largest-selling Irish Whisky.

KOOL SUPER LIGHTS LONGS

No leading Menthol Long is lower in 'tar.'*

Only 9mg. 'tar.'
And KOOL's
refreshing
satisfaction,
too.



mg. 'tar'

*One cigarette which made up
less than 1% of Menthol Longs
U.S. sales is lower in 'tar.'



© 1988 B&W T Co.

9 mg. "tar," 0.8 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette, by FTC method.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.